

Andronicus:
A
TRAGEDY,
IMPIETIES
LONG SUCCESSE,
OR
HEAVENS
Late Revenge.

Discite Justitiam moniti, & ne temere Disce.

LONDON,

Printed for Richard Hall, and are to be sold at the
Stationers in London. 1661.

Andronicus:

TRAGEDY.

IMPERIES

LONG SUCCESS

H. A. V. N. S.

Long Success

The first edition printed by the printer of the

LONDON.

Printed for Richard Platt and are to be sold at the
Stationers in London. 1681.

Dramatis Persona.

- M**aria Cesarissa, Daughter to Manuel, late Emperor of Constantinople.
- I. Zena the Emperesse, Mother to Alexius.
- II. Eudoka } Ladies of Honour to Zena.
- V. Irène }
- V. Artemia, a Court-Lady, wife to Menander.
- VI. Anna, Emperesse to Alexius, afterwards to Andronicus.
- VII. Juletta, Maid of Honour to Anna.
- VIII. Alexius, Son of Manuel, and Emperor.
- X. Andronicus, Kinsman, Murderer and Successor to Alexius.
- XI. Isachius, next of the Imperial Line; at last Emperor.
- II. Ducas, a Prince of the Blood.
- XII. Basilus, Patriarch of Constantinople.
- XIII. Monobius, a Hermit newly quitting his Cell.
- XIV. Cleobulus, an Aged Privy Counsellor.
- XV. Paleologus, a young Courtier.
- XVI. Lapardas, an Instrument to promote Andronicus.
- XVII. Menander, a Confeſſor, and Husband to Artemia.
- XVIII. Crato, a States-man.
- XIX. Asotus, a dissolute man, and debaucher of Alexius.
- XX. Panergus, Engineer-General to Andronicus in all his villanies.
- XXI. Philobiblus, Tutor to Alexius.
- XXII. Spiculator, an Executioner.
- XXIII. Nurse, Servants, Surgeons, Messengers, and Citizens.

The SCENE

Constantinople.

To the Reader.

LET me Acquaint thee with the Pedigree and Progresse (not to say Pilgrimage) of this Tragedy: It was born some eighteen years since in Oxford, thence carried by a Casualty to York. The Author thereof, conceiving this, (the only Copy) utterly lost, found it beyond his Expectation in London some moneths since.

Thus weary with long wandering, it hopeth at last to finde quiet repose, and candid reception, Reader, with thee. It hath in it some negative goodnesse, namely, nothing therein, which in the least degree trespasseth on Piety, Charity, or Modesty. Besides, it presumeth on something Positive, viz. Variety and Verity, the one to please, the other to profit: And if the Poet brought the Varnish, the Historian, I am sure gave the Ground-work.

What moved the Author to make it, may invite thee to read it; Diversion of his minde from the troubles of the Times: I have done, when I have remembered thee of what I have read in Mr. Herbert; A verse may finde him out, who shuns a Scandal. And such is the Genius of our Times, that those who dislike more serious Matters, may benefit by these lighter Treatments of their Time. If the Author hereof hath intrencht on his Fancie, upon him who wrote the life of Andronicus in the Holy State, He doubts not, but to obtain his Pardon; as also hopes to have thine for his failings herein.

ANDRONICUS

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Enter Maria, Cefarilla, and her Nurse.

Nur. Hear up, Fair Madam, Let me
see you smile;

Mar. A Smile's prophane,
nesse in these doleful Times;

Nur. Doleful indeed, and yet
with all your Grief

They will be nothing better, you much worse.

Mar. Ah, Nurse, my weeping doth much ease my
minde,

Grief which bleeds not in th' eyes, fester in
th' heart.

Nur. Some showres of sorrow make the soul to
spring

With pious thoughts, but you a deluge bring,
And drown'd your Senses with your over-grief.

Mar. I am a woman, for our Sex tis hard
To hit the Mean, and if we be denied
Of our over-doings, we shall Nothing do
Our Love, our Grief, our Hatred, and our Joy,
Yea, all our Passions are contrived so,

B

They

They are not full, or else they overflow.

Nur. Have patience *Madam*, Matters may amend
The *Emperour's* yet a Child.

Mar. And Child in judgement he will ever be.
No Monster doth more hate a Looking-Glasse,
Then he a *Book*, his wit's too short to measure
A noble sport, or honourable pleasure.
Only he sits, and sots, and drinks, and sleeps,
The *Stewes* is brought to him, or he to th' *Stews*.

Nur. *Andronicus* will shortly here arrive,
And by him all things will be rectified.

Mar. Well, I could tell you something if I durst.

Nur. *Madam* do,

If I reveal it, let me be accurst,
Sooner the very stories themselves shall speak.

Mar. Thats not impossible,
In Churches oft I have seen *Speaking-stone*.

Nur. Midnight shall turne a Clack sooner then I.

Mar. 'Tis this; I do not think *Andronicus*
Will help us any whit.

Nur. Know you the man?

Mar. Were all faults lost, in him they might be
found.

Nur. Here comes *Alexius*.

Mar. Quickly quit the place,

He'll say that I shoot poison from mine eyes,
'Cause I presume to tell him of his faults;
I'm lov'd the worse for loving him so well. *Exit*

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Alexius the young Emperour, with Asotus his Servant, Philobiblos his Schoolmaster running after him with a Book.

Alex. **L**ets haste, lets haste, the slave runs after us.

Asot. His vinegar-looks I think would melt the Alps.

Phil. Please it your Highnesse, It is but a lease,

And that a little one——

Alex. Sir, lay by the book.

Phil. Apelles said, No day without a line.

Asot. There wants a strong one for that neck of thine.

Alex. What's Learning to a Prince? O give me Greatnesse.

Phil. You can't be great, unlesse you first be learn't.

Alex. If I lack Learning, I can borrow it
From those my subjects, who are better stor'd.

Phil. Braines can't be borrowed, nor Learning lent.

Alex. Not lend their Braines to me? I'll take their heads.

Phil. Apply your self to th' reading Histories.

Alex. I'de rather Histories were made of me.

Phil. Take heed one be not made too soon of you.

This is a precious book call'd *Plutarchs Lives*;

It is no crabbed book with rugged stile.

But Wisdom smiles in pleasant Language here.

A Mine of hidden Treasure's here contain'd,
Which will betray you into it with pleasure.

Afor. That very words proclaimes your wicked-
nesse

Who bring a Book here to betray your Prince.

Phil. Not to betray him unto Vice like you,
To spend his dayes in drink, his nights at dice.

[*Aside.*

Alex. What hidden Treasure in this *Plutarch's*
found.

Phil. Reade the Book over, it will make you wise.

Alex. Have you e're read it?

Phil. Yes Sir, oft at School.

Alex. How comes it then to passe ye're such a fool.

Phil. Great *Alexander*, who did put the yoke
On the worlds neck, and *Persians* Empire won
Ne're call'd his Master *Aristotle* Fool.

Alex. He ne're deserved it. Leave this gravity.

I like no Library but a well-fill'd Cellar,
Where Pipes of *Cretian*-Wine are Folio's,
Butts of *Faternion* are the Quarto-books.

Surreptian-Turfes are the Lesser Volumes.

Mention no more your *Plutarchs* Lives to me
Except you woo your death,
Come lets be gone.

Phil. Alas, alas, I can bennoan your fate,
For to amend it is, I fear, too late.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ANDRONICUS.

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ACT. I SCENE 3.

Enter Cleobulus and Paleologus.

Cleob. O Times, O manners!

Paleol. At that posture still?

You raile so long upon the Times, that now
Th' are grown stark deaf, and hear not what you
say.

Like dwellers near Nile's Cataract, who never
Do heare the noise, because they hear it ever.

Cleob. When I was young, some fixty Winters since,

Paleol. Ah fixty Winters, why not Springs aswell?

Cleob. Young men by Springs, by Winters old men
count

Their passed years, I say when I was young,
The world was not so bad as now it is.

Paleol. The World was childish, when you were a
child,

And now you'r old, the World dotes as you dote.

Cleob. Gap Greenhead.

Paleol. I'le not change it for your gray.

Go coine your silver haire up into money,
Weare lesse wealth on your Head, more in your
purse.

Cleob. Scorne not that Age you hope to live unto.

Paleol. Old Age I would not wish for, but long life.

Cleob. To wish long life, without old Age, is vain.

Paleol. But to be serious, what Account can you

B 3

Give

Give of the world, when you were but a child,
Could you write Comments then on the Times
Text?

Cleob. Something I then observed, and still remember,

Paleol. Something you then observ'd, who play'd
his part

The best at Ball, At th' admirable Art
Of whipping of a Top, what Boy excel'd,
Till you in Age had counted twice seven years,
School was your Hell, a Play-day all your Heaven.

Cleob. Yea, I mark't matters of more consequence
The innocence and purenesse of those dayes.

No cruel Landlords did their Tenants rack,
Breaking their Tenants backs to deck their own,
Dissembling was unborn, and simple Truth
Men with their Tongues did speak, seal'd with
their tooth,

Now, in this life there's nothing left but lying.

Paleol. You'd best make haste to die, and hear the
Truth.

Cleob. All faults are now in fashion, Sin's a glory,
And he who dares be honest in the Court
Is mock't at, Flatterers only are advanc't.

Paleol. Thus 'twas alwayes, thus 'twill ever be,
Till *Rhyne* to *Caspion-Seas* payes tribute, and
Till *Indian-Ganges* doth with *Nile* ingender,
As long as Starres shine in their Firmament,
As long as Fishes swim in *Neptunes* Brine,

So long at Court will Parasites attend,
When they leave off, conclude, the World is
done.

Cleob. Your words resent of too much Poetry,
Not to say falsehood.

Paleol. Sure of too much Truth,
I could most easily assign the Reason,
(Convincing Reason) why these Times displease
you.

Cleob. Let's hear it, I am not yet too old to learn.

Paleol. 'Tis parcel of an old mans character
To praise times past, 'cause they were best with
him.

When young, you'd strength & will to revel, ride,
Hunt, hawk, and race it, Act in Masks and dance,
But since these pleasures are denied by Age,
Your only pastime is to chide the times;
And 'cause your eyes are dim, you blame the
room

As dark; and do impute your stumbling and
Ill-treading to th' unev'nesse of a Floor.

Cleob. I'll hearken to your fond discourse no more.

Paleol. Your fore is rub'd, you wince so —
I see some quarrel with the present time,
Meerly because 'tis present. Presence is
Counted a crime by some mens restless soules,
I'de rather hear the world bemoan'd, then
rail'd at,
Men should convert (if I might men advise)
Their bitter Satyres to sad Elegies.

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCENE 4.

Enter Monobius the Hermit alone.

Mon. Scarce have I crawld from out my Mossy Cell
 On my four legs to view the world abroad
 Full sixty yeares and six therein I dwelt,
 My aime was to do good, and to shun evil,
(A solitary man's a Saint or Devil)
 Oft to my self I have a Question stated
 Oppos'd, then answer'd, at last moderated,
 Now scatter'd into three, then sum'd to one,
 And never lesse alone, then when alone.
 But now to change my course, I do intend,
 And by another may gain the same end.
 Our lives were made for labour, not for ease,
 To profit others, not our selves to please;
 Us for our selves our Mothers never bare,
 Friends and the Common good in us claim share.
 Discourse us for Society hath fitted,
 What sin unnatural have mens parts committed,
 Condemned to be buried thus alive?
 Our Talents are put out, If not put out,
 And gifts are deaded, if not dealt about.
 Nor do I count those men most mortifi'd
 Which most to solitarie Lives are ti'd,
 Bad servants, disobedient sons, curst wives,
 Ill neighbours, cruel masters, faithlesse friends,
 These Crosses which a Civil life betide,

More

ANDRONICUS.

More humbleth hearts, and more abateth pride,
Then all mans wilful fasting in a Cell,
Which makes some soules with windy pride to
swell

But oh, my vow, my vow, which I did make,
That I alive would not my Cell forsake.

Its sad remembrance keeps my soul in awe,
This Corosive my very heart would gnaw
Did not this salve the sore. Vows rashly spoken,
On more mature advice, are justly broken,
First, ev'n to make it, was a grievous sin,
It would be greater to remain therein.

To th' Court I'll go, there all things now are sad,
Where one doth seek each other ro out-bad.
It hath as many Factions as Lords,
Only their strife in wickednesse accords,
However there my Councel I'll dispence,
And for successe relie on Providence.

ACT. I. SCENE 5.

Enter Xena the Mother-Empresse, with three Ladies, Eudoxa, Irene, and Artemia waiting on her with a Lutanist.

Xen. Come lets be merry, Ladies, Sirrah
sing. SONG.

Lad. Since that our life's so very short,
All is lost that is not sport,
Revenge your selves of envious death,

And

*And with the Swans sing out your breath,
What the life you lead on earth*

Doth want in length, take out in mirth.

[*Monobius runs to him, and casually breaks his Lute*

Lad. My harmlesse Lute! wherein hath it offended

That this my musick scarce begun, is ended?

End. This is Monobius, that over-grown Saint,

With his prodigious holinesse. Bold Bedlam

How dare you thus my Musick interrupt?

Mon. I bring you better Musick, If you'll hear it,

Grave Counsell for your Soul,

Xen. It'll be at leasure

Forty years hence to give you Audience,

Grave Councell's best, when wee are near our

Grave,

It comes too soone now,

Mon. Then't may come too late.

Xen. Adde but another word

Ile send thee on an Errand to the wormes.

Mon. Im'e going thither on my own accord.

Xen. Ile cause you mend your Pace, and make you fly

Mon. Small gaine to you, less loss will come to me

The whole Cloth of my life is measured out,

Onely the List is left mee.

End. A list indeed spun of course threed,

And your Rude Manners shew it.

Xen. The Hangman shall confute your Arguments

A Rope may hold you who have broke the Lute

Mon. The Gallowes though it be the worst of waies

May lead an Innocent to the best of ends.

Xen.

Xen. With shame & Paine He shall your Death contrive

Mon. Both shame & Paine my Patience shall overcome.

Ant. Good Madam do but heare him what He'll say

Xen. What do you hold that Musick is not lawfull?

Mon. Yes, but at present, 'tis not seasonable,
Best Musick's now but discord, and doth Jarre
With these sad times, We feel bad and fear worse.

Iren. We did it but to drive away the time.

Mon. What need to drive, what of it self doth fly?

Our Nature's bad at best, and must it have
Bad Songs to be the Pandars to our Lust?
So to awake our sleeping badnesse, And
Blow up the Sparks to fire with such Incentives.

Xen. What made you thus to break my curious Lute?

Gr. Tameness it self how could It turn so wild?

End. How com your Purity to burne with wrath?

Mon. For the most part 'twas done against my will,
So much as was done with it, was ill done,

Art. Did ever Man more freely fault confesse?

Xen. I'de thought your perfectnesse had bin most
just.

Mon. Just nothing 'tis.

Xen. I see you would be sad,

If all your faults were in your forehead writ.

Mon. I should be glad my forehead would conteyn
them.

But Ladies, If a Lute's so easily broke,

How

How quickly is our life? —

Of brittle matter we are made, And such
As strait is shatter'd with a casual touch.

Art. All Accidents he turns into devotion,

Mon. Then Ladies lay these lustful Toyes aside,
And for uncertain certain death provide,
This life's a moment whereon doth depend,
Either our Weal or Wo, both without End.

Xen. The houre's run out, your Sermon should be
done.

Mon. Soon will the houre-glasse of your life be run

[She offers to strike him]

Nay, I'll be gone, *Woful is her condition,*

Who when most sick, most scorneth her Physician.

Exit.

ACT. I. SCENE 6.

Xen. **G**O doting Coxcomb, th'hast surviv'd thy
wit,

Priviledg'd by thy baseness from my Anger,

We scorn to stoop unto so low revenge.

End. Madam, do you know the man?

Xen. Yes, for a fool,

It is *Monobius* the great Hermite of Greece.

End. What? he that fill'd all Europe with his
name,

And almost tir'd out Fame, though most industri-
ous

To carry his report to every eare,

Xen. How basely he appears now in mine eye,

Ofte have I wisht to see him, Now I wish

Xen.

I ne're had seen him,

Art. Or rather that she had ne're heard him. *[Aside]*

End. None can the Jewel by the Casket value,

An ill face often doth much worth suppress.

Distance makes things seem greater then they be.

If one could touch, none would adore a Starre.

Our hearing deifies what our sight desires.

Xen. But, Lutanist, what quite put out of Tune?

Lets hear you sing, though you can't play.

Lad. 'Tis strange one skill'd in Poetry,

Without an Epitaph should die,

Or that my Lute which held so long,

Should now be broke without a Song;

This fiery zeal sure wanted Jewel,

Which made him spoil my wooden Jewel.

Its hard to say, as matters stood,

Lute or Man, which was most wood.

Xen. Good! good!

Enter Menander.

Men. Bad! bad! Is this a time to sing?

VWhen our arm'd foes are ready at the Port?

Andronicus is entering with his Army.

Xen. Heavens forbid.

Men. His sword will out-sharp your prayers.

Proteschaffus is march't out to meet him,

And led with him a Rout of Plunder-

ers.

VVe in their valour do repose no trust,

Souldiers which prey on friends, prove prey to

foe.

The

The City's great and false, what it will do,
It must do at a push, for if it pause,
Their Swords first more then Steel, prove lesse
then straws.

Xen. Monobius! Oh now for *Monobius!*

That he were here to spend his prayers for us.
I have bin dumb to th' Heavens, And they will
Be deaf to me; *Artemia*, you in him
Have interest. Beseech him to employ
His best devotions to obtain successe.
Give him this Jewel from me,

Art. I'll see't done. [*Exeunt Xen. End. and Irene.*]
Thus in cold weather on we buckle fast
Those Clothes which we away in heat did cast.

ACT. I. SCENE 7.

Artemia. Menander.

Art. **D**ear husband, meddle no more in this
matter,
Lend not your Finger to *Andronicus*,
To help him hither.

Men. Prethee wife, why so?

Art. The man's extremely vicious. And he must
At last be woful, If the Heavens be just,

Men. I hope you have but lately turn'd Statist.

Art. I never medled with affaires of State?

Men. Can you see further into things then I?

Art. I can stand by whiles you do play the game.

Men.

Men. Belike your Ladiship's a Prophetesse,

Art. By present things I future can foresee,

And shrewdly too.

Men. That all the World doth know,

Your tongue will be depos'd, you are too sharp.

Art. I'm one which wish you well, *Sharp natures*

prove

Of times more wholesom then a luscious Love.

"Here I beseech you on my bended knees,

[She falls on her knees.

"Unseen of all, save him who all things sees,

"By those most sacred Matrimonial Bands,

"Which first did tie our hearts, and then our

"hands.

"By all your sons, and by your only daughter,

"By what hath past 'twixt us, or may hereafter.

Men. See how the tears do trickle down her cheeks.

Come spend them freely, you have a Mint of
them.

These womens eyes are Springs.

Art. Mens hearts are Rocks,

Men. Go Madam, meddle with your own Preserves,

Art. I would preserve your safetie if I might.

Men. Then meddle with your Sweet-meats, see
they be good

In taste and colour, Consult with your Sempstress
Strike into the newest fashion, first and best.

Out-Gorget all the Ladies in the Court,

But meddle not with things above your reach,

Your

Your Sex was made to learn and not to teach. Exit
Art. Farewel, dear husband.

You jeer my Grief. And yet I wish you joy,
 (But none can save those who destroy) them-
 selves.

Towards my husband this I will averr,
 M^e affections shall not erre, my judgment may,
 We wives unto our husbands may commend
 Our best Advice with all Humility,
 Our Parts to offer, but their Power to chuse;
 Who if they do refuse their happineffe,
 This will our conscience ease in all distresse;
We did our Duty, though deny'd successe.
 But here's *Monobius*:

ACT. I. SCENE ult:

Enter Monobius.

Art. **T**HE Empreffe does commend her self to
 you,

Desires you that you would send your devotion
 To Heaven for successe on her designs.

Mon. What designs?

Some lustful Sonnets to provoke her nature,
 Pregnant with Atheism, and black blasphemy.

Art. Our foes this instant do invade the City.

Mon. She lately did despise our pious Council.

Art. It ne're too late to be of good or wise.

Mon. We're slighted till the moment when we're
 needed. You

Art. Your Goodness writes no wrong except in
Dust.

Mon. She with ill language wrong'd my Innocence.

Art. Can you be angry, that do teach us patience?

Mon. Then let Her for her selfe powre forth her
Praiſers.

Art. Ah! Her Devotions are growne strangers quite
To Heaven, where yours are dayly knowne and
heard.

This Jewell she injoynd me to present you.

Mon. Jewells like hypocrites shine in mens eyes,
Whereas no reall value lyes in either.

[He lookes upon it.

The Price of Stones, by inward worth I set
In th' loadstone, nature placeth reall Treasure
Grand Pylot to all Ships, by 's love to North,
A Flint contains the sparkes of secret worth,
These of themselves are of no certaine vauw.
But do pride of People, fall or rise.

Give me the *Diamond* of Patience, and
The spotlesse *Christall* of pure Innocence,
The *Amethyst* of true Sobriety,
Ruby of Martyrs, and the Virgins Pearle.

Art. It was her pleasure, to present it to you.

Mon. Returne it, and my Answer back to her,

Tell her, that I my Princes do give, not sell.

Tell her from me, Friends Pryers, good seconds
are,

Yet on our owne, we must as firſts rely.

They which do pray by Proxeys, find at last,
 By Proxeys also they shall go to Heaven!
 But let her know, I will improve my Best,
 For that's my Duty which is her Request.

Chorus consisting of two Companies.

1. *Chor.* **W**Hat meane you by this might
 Packe?

Each makes a Waggon of his backe.

2. *Chor.* Need you see well soone inure,
 Us heavy burthens to endure.

But though our backs should broken be,
 On care's to keep a Conscience free.

1. *Chor.* Tell us, to what place, we pray,
 You in end to shape your way?

2. *Chor.* Whither Providence shall guide us,
 Where we shall finde hope to hide us.

Or Italy, Or Palestine.

Or neere the Banks of Nile, or Rhine.

We shall wander altogether,

Be't from hence, we care not whither.

1. *Chor.* Let's advise you stay a while,
 Matters may hereafter smile.

2. *Chor.* There is danger in delay,

In a tottering State to stay,

In those Ruins we'd be loath.

To be Slaine, and buried both.

1. *Chor.* You do little love expresse

To your Country in distresse.
 Bragg no more of Conscience,
 With which you can so well dispence.
 We're resolved not to fly,
 Here we liv'd, and here we'll die.

2. *Chor.* Even the worst of wormes will strive,
 To preserve it self a live.
 We from Bruites may learne this Reason,
 To foresee a stormy Season,
 Then to hast to shady Bowres,
 Tyme to prevent the Showres.

1. *Chor.* But pray tell us is it faire,
 Now to seek a forreign Aire?
 In our Sins you bare a part,
 From our sufferings now you start.
 And on us throw all the Load,
 By deserting your Aboard.
 We're resolved not to fly,
 Here we liv'd, and here we'll die.

2. *Chor.* As our Sins have done you wrong,
 So our prayers shall help along.
 Absent, present, that's all one,
 Stay we here, or be we gone,
 We shall in this Point be even,
 Our prayers with yours shall meet in Heaven.

1. *Chor.* But we better do approve,
 To amend, and not remove.
 For better Manners we will change,
 But not for a Countrey strange.
 Here to stay our selves intend,

But away our Sins we'll send.
 Take heed you meet not what you shun,
 And running from Death, on death run.
 Be it better, be it worse,
 Come a blessing, come a curse.
 Here we did of Plenty tast,
 And we here intend to Fast.
 Here of sweet we had our Part,
 Here we'll also share in Smart.
 We're Resolved not to fly,
 Here we liv'd, and here we'll die.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter Cleobulus and Paleologus.

Cleob. **U**Nfold dear Friends, I prithee what,
 what's the Newes?

Paleol. 'Tis bad, you'll be the worse for hearing it.

Cleob. I can condole, I can congratulate,
 And time my selfe to fate, with greife or joy,
 Be't what it will, O let it be discover'd,
 Bad Newes conceal'd, is for farre worse suspected.

Paleol. Andronicus entred the City easly.

Cleob. His Army did not equall ours for Number.

Paleol. No not by farre, but we cumber'd our selves
 did

With foremeles crouds of Men some hearts did
 faint,

And others fought not willing to prevaile.

Cleob.

Cleob. 'Tis hard to make them fight, who meane to fly.

'Tis harder to oppose
The treachery of Friends, then force of Foes.

Paleol. Great Cities which are swoln in length and breadth,

Are commonly much over-sam'd in strength.

Cleob. If they be entred they are soone conquer'd to,
Their mighty Bulk sinks under it's owne weight.

Paleol. *Prosebastos* was took in the place,
And cruelly his eyes were boarded out,
Hence he advanced to the Pallace next, and there
Seiz'd on the person of *Alexius*,
Yet us'd him with all possible respect.

Took the Empresse *Zena* lying on her Bed,
Confin'd her to a Prison, where shee's now.

Cleob. How did her honourable Ladies 'scape.

Paleol. *Eudoxa* in the Lobby hid her self,
Behinde the Traverse did *Irene* skulke.

Philoclea clim'd the Leades, *Eugenia*
did breake a mighty wooden Barre in two.

(None know what feare and frighted Folke can do)
Got to the Garden; every one did shift,

Artemia onely at a dead list stayed.

Cleob. But what, I pray, at last became of her.

Paleol. Striving to save the Empresse, but in vaine,
She was good Lady on a sudden slayne.

Cleob. I'me sorry for *Artemias* wofull death.

Paleol. She was a Thiefe, and truly rob'd all others,
Vertue was constant leiger in her brest.

Cleob.

Cleob. And yet her Husband did despise and slight her.

Paleol. But now by looseing, he hath learn'd to prize her.

I must be gone, my occasions prove Tyrants to me.

Cleob. Heavens grant! you may never see worse Tyrants!

Badsthe beginning, what will be the end,
With hope and feare, we'le patiently attend.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCENE 2.

Enter Menander, and six of his Servants in Mourning, bringing Artemi'as Corps in a Black Coffin under a Velvet Herse, And advance it in the midst of the Roome.

Mon. NOW cleare the place, and all your selves disperse,
My obsequies I offer at this Herse.

[He kneeles before it.]

Here ly her Corps, which when she fed on breath
Led the best life, had the most wofull death.

She was not faire to take a Wantons eyes,
But comely, for to please the heart of th' wise.

She was not witty with the froth of Braine,
But her rich Brest did solid worth containe.

She ever did adore a private life,

I loy'd the Court, Hence oft arose our strife.
Sometimes good Counsel she'd to me commend,
And therein both her selfe and sex transcend.
I would not yeeld, yet could not truth oppose,
With her my Judgment, not my Will did close.
I lik'd the Counsel well, had I first found it,
But Scorn'd to take it from her hand rebounded.
How sweetly shée my anger would decline,
Request my pardon, when the fault was mine.
I'me vext oft time, she would not leave me vext,
I wanting a iust cause to be perplext.
I must smile at Her innocent deceit,
Whereby she me did into mirth so cheat.
Sweet Soule, which now doest dwell in endlesse
Blisse,
Oh pardon what to thee I've done amisse !
Alas ! It was my passion, 'twas not I.
I'll now do Pennance to thy Memory.
I will not vow that I will never wedd,
Those which forswore first clime the Marriage-
Bed.
So ill anothers minde to us is knowne,
Than we our selves are strangers to our owne.
And our meandrous hearts so full of turning,
Where's now a sparke, may quickly be a burning.
But I'me resolved, and hope it, that no other
Shall by my Children be saluted Mother.
I have farre off an unsuspected home,
Where safely dwells, and Warre can scarcely
come.

Thither I'lle haſt, and all the Counſel grave,
 Which this dear Saint, me in her life-time gave.
 It's in my heart record with laſting letter,
 She's withered, but her words now't grow the
 better.
 Nor wonder at this drougth, becauſe no ſhower
 Of brackiſh Teares downe on my Cheekes do
 powre.
 They which mourne much, are ſeldome mourn-
 ing long,
 Beſides Teares in my eyes, ſtick in a throng.
 The leſſe my Soul grieues, there's the more greif
 in't,
 My Heart's a Fountaine, though my Eyes be flint.

ACT. II. SCENE 3.

*Enter Andronicus, Alexius, Panergus,
 Afotus, and Spiculator.*

Andr. **Y**our Highneſſe now appears in your full
 luſtre,

Free'd from the wardſhip of your factious Peers.

Alex. Therein we owe much to your diligence.

Andr. We have expreſſed ſome ſmall part of our
 duty,

And are ſtill ready to performe the reſt.

Still one thing is to do, which being done,

No Clouds can Darken your now glorious Sun.

Alex. What is't?

Andr.

Andr. I can reveale it r' you with safety,

And yet with loyalty I can conceale it.

'Tis the unhappy *Zena*.

Alex. What, my Mother?

Andr. Your goodresse 'tis, that's pleas'd to style

Her so,

Fathers o' th' Countrey never did know Mothers

Royall affections onely do designe,

The Publique good oth, Place they Gouverne in.

She must be made away.

Alex. For such a Crime

Nero's recorded Monster to all Ages.

Andr. His was a damned and unnaturall deed,

This is an Act of Justice, and Necessity.

Alex. She gave me life, what shall I cause her death?

Andr. That life She seeks from you to take againe.

Alex. Let her be soone confin'd to some close Co-

vent.

Andr. Close with her Body, to be loose in Minde.

Alex. That She may Heaven, and pious Thoughts

enjoy.

Andr. And plot how to destroy you, and the State.

Alex. Stay but a while, Her Age will save our

paines,

A yeare or two will post her to the Grave.

Andr. Your right, your selfe the more, and do

wrong not her,

Few years of Hers will impe your Reigne.

Alex. With your owne hand, do you the Warrant

signe.

Andr.

Andr. I'de rather loose my Arme to save her life.

Pan. He only is concern'd i'th' publique good,

Takes no delight in shedding Womens blood.

Alex. Write you my Name.

Andr. My heart abhors all fraud.

Afo. Ducks cannot swim, you cannot counterfeit.

Alex. 'Tis no deceit, when done by my Command,

But if it must be so, we'll set our hand.

[*He Signs the Warrant.*]

Andr. Sure Heaven did guide your Pen, how faire

you write?

Not like those Lords, who mak't their cheifest

Art

To cozen others by their writing ill.

Posterity shall reare Trophies to you,

And future Kings shall swear by your just Ghost.

Afo. He quickly meanes to make a Ghost of you

[*aside.*]

Andr. *Speculator*, take this Warrant, about your

businesse.

[*Exit Speculator.*]

Specu. I fly Sir.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

Enter Andronicus, Alexius, Asotus, Panurgus.

Alexius falls a weeping.

Andr. **N**AY, do not now repent so good a deed.

Alex. Must not a Sonne bewep his

Mothers Death.

Andr.

Andr. They are your Mother which do love you best.

Al. Much kindness always she exprest to me,

Andr. She lov'd her self, and did abuse your power.

Now freed from her your self may use that power.

Pan. Sh'as dead whilst living, drown'd in Luxury.

A. More reason sh'ad liv'd longer to repent.

Andr. At my cost fifty Friars both night and day
Shall Dirges duly pay for her souls health.

Pan. How bountifull's *Andronicus* in giving gifts
His goodness doth ingage both dead and living.

Andr. I do appeal that divine eye
To which midnights noon day, darkness doth shine.

Who doth descry at distance all our thoughts,
Y' abortive thoughts which never born do die
How from my heart I love your Highness now,
And joy in you above all earthly joyes.

Alex. Thanks for thy kindness dear *Andronicus*
T'shal be remembred by us and rewarded.

Asot. 'Tis time to dine, nature grows discontented.

Andr. May these my teeth turn-mourners black as
Jett.

And let my tongue set in an endless silence,
And never more make sacred melody,

Asot. And never more proceed to cog and ly, *(Aside)*

Andr. If any meat they do presume to taste
Before my soul hath pass'd it by a Prayer

Asot. I do commend your pious resolution.

Andr. He

Andr. He doth deserve to lose a large revenue,
That cares not that small quit-rent to discharge.
Such are the thanks which we to heaven do owe,
For all the favours which it doth let fall,
We can't do less, nor is there more requir'd.

Pan. How full's his heart inspir'd with holy zeal
Asor. So full of kernel is an empty husk, *[Aside.*
Th' Egean stable was so full of musk.

Andr. I go unto S. Sophyes Church to pray
A Closet best fits my Devotions
At other times, but now it is too narrow,
Having receiv'd a great and publike grace
It calls for solemn thanks and publike too,
At my return I shall attend your Highness. *Exit.*

Alex. Send us your good devotion.
Asor. Sure this Religion will not be long lasting
I have no stomach to this Feigned Fasting.
Exit.

ACT. II. SCEN. 5.

Enter Paleologus and Crato.

Pal. **A**ndronicus is gone to his devotions,
Cr. The Devil hee's at's devotions, he is
Unto his Junto, there they do debate,
How to confer the Imperial Crown on him.

Pal. I never had a Fancy to these Juntos,
Cr. They'r absolutely needfull in a State.

Pal. Let me have things discuss'd at Council Board
In free and full appearance, where 'tis no Treason
With

With solid reason to displease a Prince,
 Brave bandying points of State, now off, now on,
 With Troops of Arguments brought *Pro* and *Con*
 Where every Councillor may have his due
 To be heard out, (though haply not believ'd)
 Now things in private ways are smothered.

Cra. Such smothering gives the life unto great actions.

Secresie is the soul of grand designs,
 You'd have them first proclaim'd i'th' Market-
 place,
 And made the second course at th' Ordinaries.

"Goods ventur'd in most bottoms most secure,

"But secrets known to fewest breasts most sure."

His *Junto's* but of four; the first himself,
 The Patriarch next, *Lapardas* and *Panergus*.

Pal. One may keep counsel, if there be one more
 How many matters not, fourty or four,

If one o'th four prove false, the action fails

Ships drown as deep with one as fourty leaks,

Cra. Experience proves *Juntoes* of most dispatch,
 The fewer set on brood the more are hatch'd,
 And where most doers are, the least is done.

Pal. What are these men the wisest in the State?

Are they most honest, or most fortunate?

Cra. Most fortunate in this, they'r most intrusted:

Pal. But do they best deserve trust, and discharge
 it?

Amongst those many late Monopolies,

Which swell'd mens private gain with publike
 Heavens

(Heavens grant no Courtier may ingross the Sun
Poor people should pay dear then for fair weather)

None like to this for a few men to fit
Eternal and most absolute *Dictators*,
Controul, add, alter, ratifie, reverse,
Whilst others which with them claim equal
share,

Concern'd alike in the countries charge and care
Yea have the most at stake, are lookers on,
Sometimes admitted to concur by chance,
But kept in wholesome Ignorance for the main.

Cra. This must be so,

Great Councils this great mischief doth attend,
Therein mens judgements juggle, sometimes
thwart,

(More minding private Betts, then th' publike
game)

A Junto in one currant doth unite.

Pal. O'tis safest where there is a multitude,

Cra. Of Counsellors to debate, but not conclude.

Pal. The more the eyes, the more they do discern,

Cra. A Junto sees with's own and others eyes,

It doth begin where the great Council ends
Takes their results, and thereon spend its verdict.

"That Silver which is oftneft tried's most pure,

"That Council which is most refin'd most sure.

But let's be gone, they'r up, Here comes the Pa-
triarch.

Exeunt.

ACT

ANDRONICUS.

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ACT II. SCEN. 6.

*Enter Basilus the Patriarch, and
Monobius.*

Bas. **L**et's now renew our old acquaintance,
friend,

It is an age since our last interview,

Mon. But Sir, I come to chide your Holiness.

That earth you practise, and yet profess a heaven.

Bas. Unriddle your own words.

Mon. Yave bin of late,

An over-active stickler in the Nation.

Bas. Earth's but my Inn, but I make heaven my
home,

Mon. I fear you oft mistake your Inn for home,

You are not stor'd with forrein observations.

Bas. We are enabled by our educations,

This does admit us to a general knowledge,

For Schollership doth fit us for all callings.

Mon. None can attend two callings at one time.

Bas. Yes if subordinate, as means and end.

Mon. But these are opposite, the Church and State.

Bas. Hippocrates his twins did never meet

With a more mutual love then these agree,

Do you advance State-matters 'bove our reach

Mon. I stoop them far beneath your cognizance,

Such meddling draws the Laities envie on us.

Bas. Such envie keeps the Laity more in awe.

Mon.

Mon. But you should rather labour for their love.

Bas. Love without awe proves seldome lasting to us,

But to the point, with secular affairs

Meddle we may, but must not be intangled.

Mon. The one cannot be done without the other.

Bas. As if no man could feed but he must suffer.

Mon. This World's a Witch, and quickly it will charm us.

Bas. I knowt' arm my soul with Counterspels,

Would you shut a Divine out of the State?

Mon. No, in the State I would confine his work
So far as to consult, not act therein.

Bas. Hence would a lazie Clergy soon proceed

Mon. State-laziness doth breed Church-industry,

"Mark Clergy-Sticklers on the Civil Stage,

"A quiet death doth seldome crown their Age.

Bas. Proofs from th' event, men do esteem for Ciphers,

Mon. Ciphers with figures joyn'd make numbers,

John Golden-mouth long since your Predecessor,

Did onely pray and preach, and read, and write,

Which made him happy spight of all his foes.

Bas. Why he was twice expel'd this place (poor man)

Mon. And twice restor'd again with greater grace.

Bas. He lost his place for want of policy,

Mon. But gain'd his place with store of piety.

Bas. Great Hippo's Prelate, through the world renowned,

For's Piety and Schollership,

Kepe

Kept in his House a Court of Conscience where
When he had din'd he gave his neighbours audience.

Redrest each grievance, and becalm'd each
strife,

Medled in state, and was a Civill Judge.

Mon. Heroby he worthily did raise his fame,

Bas. You blame in me, what you do praise in him,

Mon. You cause dissentions, but he did compose
them,

You make th' wound wider, which he sought to
close.

Bas. You envy at the splendor of our height,

Mon. Just as I do to see a Gloe worm shine.

Bas. Your envie's at the Lustre of our place.

Mon. I pittie from my heart your woful condition.

I will not turn my Cowl into your Mitre.

Exit Monobitus.

Bas. You kick down pride, with greater pride,

Farewel, Farewell.

ACT. II. SCENE ult.

Enter Panergus, and Cleobulus.

Bas. **VV** Hat good success *Panergus* have we
had!

Pan. The matters mannag'd well, the number
mounteth.

A hundred thousand names this Parchment
holds, But

But here's *Cleobulus* I've not his Name yet.

Cleo. Welcome *Panergus*, what always imploy'd?

Pa. Here is a Parchment, set to it your hand.

Cleo. I'll first peruse it :

Bas. Put on your eyes of glass, and then consult.

He reads it to himself.

Cl. In this Petition we do humbly crave,

Andronicus his goodness would be pleas'd,

To be joint Emperour with *Alexius*.

Pa. You speak the very marrow of the matter.

Cl. Had I a hundred hands, I'd set them to't.

Pa. Thanks good *Cleobulus*, I did ever finde,

Your noble heart inclin'd to th' publike good.

Cl. In a short time you many hands have gotten.

Pa. To get them there were many hands imploy'd.

Cl. Tell me what act and method did you use.

Pa. In every Parish, Family, or Tribe,

We got the signal men first to subscribe,

And their example easily drew the rest,

Whole Herds of sillie people prest on us,

Names for our Parchment we at first did lack,

But Parchment for our Names at last grew scant.

Cl. Did they peruse what was therein contain'd?

Pa. Be't Bond, be't Bill, be't Libel, be't Petition,

They thought it sin should they not make their

marks;

Where they were told their betters went before.

Cl. Some names are forg'd here, but's a good deceit.

Pa. You know old Courtiers know to counterfeite.

Cl. This is a Womans writing :

Pa.

Pa. In Husbands absence, wife stands for husband.

Cl. They should have put their tongues, then not their hands.

Pa. If any did refuse we threatned them,

Or did return their names which is far worse.

Cl. The Subjects freedom's thus by force preserv'd.

Pa. But we lose time, come set your hand to't, come —

Cl. My hand shall sooner rot, then I will do't,

Bas. Said you not if you had a hundred hands
You would subscribe.

Cl. I then should be a Monster,

When Monster I'll subscribe, not whilst a man.

Bas. Why are you irregular from all the rest.

Cl. Why are the rest irregular from right.

Pa. Are you more holy then the Patriarch?

More just then all the Judges, and more wise,

Then all the Councillors of State beside?

That what they grant should be deni'd by you :

Cl. Ile not beleave with an implicate faith,

Nor pin my soul upon anothers sleeve,

To them their Reasons known, and mine to me,

My soul stands on a Basis of its own :

Unto *Alexius* his great grandfather

My Infancy I was a subject born,

To's Grandfather my youth was servant, and

To's Father my old age was Councillor,

And therefore to his Son I will be just,

"I'll lose my life, but not betray my trust."

Pa. He shall be but joynt Emperour with him.

Cl. If Crowns admit a Mate, they'll prove a Master,
Two husbands to one wife, I'll not allow;
Such Bigamy of State I can't approve.

Pa. *Alexius* young, with old *Andronicus*,
Will make a wholesom Medley for our State;
The one brings hands, the other judgments;
The one shall Act, the other shall advise,
Headlong his speed, his gravity is staid,
His heat of youth allaid with ages cold.

Cl. I love no by-Paths from the beaten Road,
Two Suns i'th Firmament no good can bring.

Pa. Is this your Answer?

Cl. All you'r like to have.

Pa. Then farewell stoward fool: Another's loss
Thou count'st thy only gain, and loves to cross.

Cl. In this Scene both you have been cunning
Actors.

No doubt the Merchant will reward his Factors.

Exeunt.

CHORUS.

Constantinople the Worlds Queen
Asia and Europe plac'd between,
Sick for having too much wealth,
Broke by getting too much wealth.
Where anciently dwelt harmless thrift,
And industry made honest swift;
In Ships and Shops trust us'd in dealing,
Now here's nothing us'd but stealing.

Pris

*Pride doth swell, and lust doth boyl,
Envie fret, oppression spoile.*

*Should our Grandfires now arise,
And view thee in this strange disguise,
Their judgement is would much perplex,
By Cloaths to guesse the wearers sex;
Transform'd with such fantastick shapes,
'Tis hard to say they're men or Apes;
Their sight at such a losse would be,
Thee for thy self they could not see.*

*Except they chanced to behold,
Saint Sophies Temple built of old;
(Whose reverend ruines woo our Nation,
To give it speedy Reparation)
By this perchance the place they'd own,
And Church might make the City known.*

*Constantinople thou great City,
Whom none can help, though many pitty;
Woful if thou knew'st thy Lot,
More woful 'cause thou know'st it not;
Nature hath thee fully blest,
If vertue had suppli'd the rest.*

*Venice is a City fair,
But because it wants sweet aire;
Florence sweet by rivers side,
But that river hath no tide,
Genoa lyes the tide along,
But her ancient walls not strong.
Nuremberg for strength renown'd,
But 'tis built on barren ground.*

Rome doth stand on fruitful hills,
 But much emptines it fills.
 Paris full of buildings high,
 But it in dirt too low doth lie.

All want something thou hast all;
 Which we can a blessing call,
 Thy Water, Earth, and Air compleat,
 Sweet, rich, strong, fertile, full and neat;
 This misery thou hast alone,
 That miseries thou hast had none.

Thy long peace did plenty bring,
 From thy plenty pride did spring;
 From thy pride came woful jarrs,
 And from these came bloody warrs;
 And from warrs comes desolation,
 O begin thy circulation,
 By amendment to obtain;
 That thy peace return again.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter Paleologus, Crato, Cleobulus.

Pa. **L**efs Passion and more reason would do wel.
 Cr. It is not worth th' engaging passion
 About a Probleme.

Pa. Here's Cleobulus,

We will refer it to his Umpeerage,

Cr. Agreed.

Pa. We have long debated here,

Whether that married people in a State,

Prove

Prove better Members, or th' unmarried?

Cr. Tyresias tasted of both sexes; you,
Of both estates, being now a widdower,
Lets hear your judgement.

Cl. Lets hear your Arguments,
They'l be most careiul to preserve the ship,

Pa. Who therein have most store of goods imbarkt.

Cr. Batchellours have an Adventure in the state,

Pa. Yes, but a single share whilst married folk,
For present and for future are engaged;
Persons posterity, selves, and succession.

Cr. Marriage debates the valour of the soul,
We without any cautelous demurs,
Are proud to lose our lives for the publick
good.

Whilst that you husbands warily do start.

Ap hundred fears from your own jealous minds

Leave a young widdow, she will quickly wed;

And bring some lusty gallant in my room,

My eldest son a ward scarce ten years old,

My greedy gardians will be bought and sold;

My younger children unprovided for.

Such thoughts ungallant souls and spirits dull,

And make brave resolutions to recoyle.

Pa. Recoyle, but to come forward with more
strength.

And by your leave Sir, Batchelours do run,

With headlong hast on actions of Treason.

Whilst married men, reason and weigh the mat-
ter.

'Twill taint my blood, undo my family,
 And brand it with eternall infamy.
 Such thoughts make loyall hearts, and spoile
 Treason,
 And make bad resolutions to recoyle.

Cr. All this Proves but a goodness negative,
 That they do less harm, but to requite you,
 What most inclines a Judge unto corruption,
 His Lady wife must have a Diamond ring;
 Or set of Pearl, her maid a silken gown,
 Her Usher wants.

C. Wit and a pair of Leggs. *(Aside.)*

Cr. Some gold to game with, hence come postern
 dores.

And bribes in better language stiled presents,

Pa. And I have known as corrupt Batchelours,
 Who were portentous in their vain expences,
 And then debase themselves again to recover.

Cr. A narrow instance in some few generally.

Pa. Mark who they were our Colledges have built,

Cl. Mark who they are our Colledges have spilt,
(Aside.)

Cr. Houfed the muses, furnish't Libraries,
 Erected stately structures, founded schools,
 Most men unmarried.

While your low thoughts nor dare nor can as-
 pire,

Above the raising of a family.
 The matching of your Daughters rich and high,
 But maiden breasts ambitious are to wed,

Honour

Honour whilst living, and when dying make,
Fame their executor, and the world their heir.

Cr. Now speak your judgement good *Cleobulus*,

Cl. I am loath my verdict thus to interpose:

You now are friends.

Cr. And never shall be foes.

For ought that you in this point shall determine.

Cl. My judgements this married men generally,

Are less good, and less bad, then Batchelours.

But here comes those who in no estate,

Will e're do any good to th' Common Wealth.

ACT. III. SCENE 2.

*Enter Andronicus, Basil, Lapardos, Lanergus,
Cleobulus, &c.* In a full Councel of state.

An. **A** Pleasant prospect to my eye appears,
Old heads, more rich in wisdom then in
years.

Ba. Your Highness here I humbly do beseech?

To hear what I'm commanded to discover,

With a rude tongue but with a loyall heart;

An. We hearken let your holiness proceed,

Ba. I am the mouth for millions of souls

Whose names are listed in these Parchment
rolls,

Their goodness and not my Ability.

Cl. Your subtleness and their simplicity, (*Aside.*

Ba.

Ba. Made them to chuse me here to represent,
 • Their cordiall desires,
 Beseeching that your Highness would be pleas'd,
 The young *Alexius* may so far be help'd;
 As that with him you'd be joynt Emperour.

An. Interpret Sir, your language, I profess;
 • I cannot guess whats your misterious sense.

Ba. Vouchsafe to bear the weight of half the Crown:
 Nor will it ought offend your humble mind,
 That you who all deserve share but a part:
 Thus the *Roman* Senate antiently did match,
 Spritefull *Marcellus*, in dispatch too quick,
 With old delaying *Fabius*, and so;
 Well blended age with youth, the sloth with
 swiftnes,

• No better cure for this our sad distempers,
 Then to apply this sacred composition.

An. Go choose some gallant full of daring youth:
 And brave in mind whose very flesh is steel'd,
 • Can march all day and lie i'th' field all night,
 And upon him bestow your ancient Crown,
 Whose vast Atchievements may renown it,
 See I am old decrepit and decay'd:
 Age my streight arrow brings a bowe. *(Shows*
his crooked body)

Cl. The bowe doth onely wart a handsome string. *(Aside.)*

An. Gray head, Pale cheeks, dim eyes, faint heart,
 weak hands.

• A coffin is more meet then a Crown for me;

No

No Royall robes like to a winding sheet.

Ba. Consider Sir, a reasonable request.

An. Of late I've found what long I was a seeking,

A private place to coole my soul from th' heat:

Caus'd from the hot pursuance of this world,

My enemies long since I have subdu'd,

It now remains I should subdue my self,

I must confess (no shame to tell the truth)

Bad's my old age, but far worse was my youth,

Disturbe not then my soul which now begins

A serious recollection of it's sins.

Ba. Can piety prefer its private health,

Before the profit of the Common wealth?

Shall all mens wishes be withstood by one

Whose humbleness doth cross the publick good.

An. I know this spacious Empires breadth and

length,

It is a weight too heavy for my strength.

Pan. Let's follow him and be importunate,

[*He departeth seemingly discontented*

Pal. and Pan. follow him.]

ACT. III. SCENE 3.

Manent Cleobulus, Crato, and Paleogulus.

Cl. **A** *Ndronicus* though'born a Grecian.

In's youth amongst the Latines dwell,

And there did learn, two negatives do make

An affirmation.

Pa. Cunning maides in tryall,

Thus

Thus to their suitors complements Denyal,
Cr. He is an affrant dissembler,

I think he partly credits his own lyes.

Cl. Others believe him not when he speaks truth.

Pa. Shall we look on, & see him steal a Crown thus?

Cl. Do you oppose him.

Pa. Nay do you *Cleobulus*,

Cl. I am too old to do it,

Pa. And I too young,

Cr. Thus none will do what all desire were done.

Pa. I will preserve my self for better times.

Cl. You lose your conscience so, and keep your self,

Pa. 'Tis vain to oppose him, we must yield;

Thus they who long have striven against the
 stream,

With force there, at last are driven away

But here they are again.

Cr. He did go out to be intreated in.

ACT. III. SCENE 4.

Enter Andronicus, Basil, Lapardas, and
 Panurgus.

Ba. **Y**OU must not Sir, withstand a general
 good.

Pa. The intreats of a whole state do command.

An. I may the publick good most lawfully,

Deny t' advance a creature publick good

Weak friends deserve states more then stronger
 foes.

And

And seeming to assist it, do oppose it,
Whilest undertaking what they cannot manage.

Ba. How high the audit of your vertues swell,
It would torment your ears if I should tell you
Who are acquainted with your worthy actions,
More pleased to deserve, then hear you praise.

An. Such vertues in my self I can't discover,

Pa. 'Tis your humility doth make you blinde.

Ba. That face which most for beauty doth surpass,

'Sce's not it self save onely in a glasse,
Be pleas'd from us to know your own perfection,
And by reflection read your vertues here.

Pa. Your graces all are plainly shewn to us.

An. But ah, my vices best are known to me,

It much afflicts my tender conscience

Thus to resist your holy violence,

On one condition Ile accept your profer.

Ba. What's that condition dear *Andronicus*.

An. Promise that you will help in high affairs,

That when our shoulders shrink or back doth wring,

With weight of business you'd afford supporters.

Om. In such a case we solemnly protest,

That we perform our best and uttermost

An. Hereafter if you find cause to repent.

The doings of this day then blame your selves,

I wash my hands thereof,

Such importunity would batter heaven.

Cl. Such a dissembler could teach hell to flatter
[*Aside.*

Ba. From this Suns mounting in our hemispher,
Hence forward wee'll begin to date our year
This day i'th' front o'th' Almanack wee'l place,
And or'e the rest in scarlet Text command.

Cl. Dy'de redd with Traytors perjury and guilt
And Royall Princes blood which will be spilt.
[*Aside.*

An. Seeing now t'ath bin your pleasure to elect me,
Ile be the onely master of requests,
To me shall all repair that are oppressed,
No bribes shall overbear a widdows cause
Wee'l rescue right out of oppressions paws;
Wee'l judge the Judges if they do amiss;
New laws we will enact and repeal should,
As fresh occasions themselves do offer
But all with generall consent, 'tis wrong,
Some should ingross what doth belong to all,
But chiefly Il'e be carefull of my life,
Princes examples daily do give breath
Unto their Laws, Ile strive to live a law.

Cl. A little of this done would go far, (*Aside.*

An. And now me thinks by fifty springs and more
I feel my self grown younger then I was,
What of Medea's Baths the Poets faigned,
Out of which *Eson* came with youth recreated.
What other Authors do report of th' Eagle,
(Th' Eagle which is displayd in our standard,
By loosing of her bill regains her youth;

These

These toys and tales are found a truth in me.

Cl. I think that with the Snake h'ath cast his skin,
But all his poison still remains within him.

[*Aside.*

Ba. The Heavens new strength miraculously hath
lent you,

And for new burden hath new shoulders sent
you,

But lets unto S. *Sophys* Church with speed,

In publike view before your peoples eyes,

Your Coronation we will solemnize.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. III. SCEN. 5.

Enter Maria, Cessarissa, and her Nurse.

Nur. **G**ood Lady, Be not drown'd in Passion,
Anger's short fury.

Mar. Furie's then long Anger,

Nur. Were here a glaſs that you might see your
self,

How strangely Passion hath transform'd your
face,

Displaces pale for red, and red for pale.

Mar. When young I suckt your milk, but am not
bound,

To be rul'd by your Council at these years.

Nur. It was a wholsom breast that bred my milk,
From loyal heart my Council doth proceed.

Mar.

Mar. But here comes *Paleologus*, he'll speak for him-
self, *Enter Paleologus.*

Mar. Out of my sight, thou baseness I do scorn,
To lose my eyes upon so low an object.

Pal. I beg the favour but to know my fault.

Mar. Greece is grown barbarous, and quite bereft,
Of former worth, no not the dregs are left,
Or so much ruines as may teach the strangers,
And bring this sorth to their sad remembrance;
That once you had brave worthy Ancestors;
The ancient Proverb was, *The valiant Greek*,
The modern Proverb is, *The merry Greek*,
And mirth of late all manhood hath devourd,
Fames Trumpet once did sound the youths of
Greece,
Who made their voyage for the Golden Fleece.
You may adventure now for th' Asses skin.

Pal. I would I could read your meaning——

Mar. What did my Father *Mannet* for this?
Weaken his own to strengthen your estate,
Who did not make your Fortunes but create
um,

Whose boundless bounty, vast magnificence
Gave you more pounds then you were born to
pence,

He made you honourable, rich and great,
Oh that he could have made you grateful too!

Pal. Expound good Lady to us what you speak.

Mar. To see a base Usurper mount the Throne,
To mate and check your lawfull Emperour.

See it, and neither wag a hand nor tongue,
Tame Traitors all.

Pa. I do deny your words,

And would defie the Speaker, were you a man?

Mar. Had nature moulded me a man, before
Things should go as they doe, I'd swim in blood,
They're Traytors which consent to treason.

Pa. True.

Mar. And they who don't oppose it do consent.

Pa. Yes having power and office to resist it.

Mar. All have an office, to resist Usurpers.

Pa. All have not power.

Mar. Not power? *a loyall minde,*

Sufficient power will quickly make or finde.

Pa. What would you have us do? destroy our selves.

Mar. No, I would have you to preserve your
Prince.

Pa. Our selves, We for his safety do reserve.

Mar. To give him Physick when he's three days
dead.

Pa. Do but consider seriously our case,

And whom your passion now condemns for
fools,

Your judgment will acquit, and praise for wise,

Our lives, our lands, are at the sole disposing,

And cruel mercy of our potent foes.

If any whisper but the lowest word

Of Loyalty, there's one to cut his throat,

Hence houses rifled, goods pillag'd, lands forfeited,

Our selves disabled from all further service,

Had we not better for a time comply;
Spend what we please in thoughts, but speak
nothing,

Bow to our foes, that they may not break us.
Storms will not always last, when this is over,
In season due we will discover our selves.

N. Me thinks he speaks proportion'd to reason.

Pa. By what your Father did bestow on me,
To whom next to the Heavens I ow my self,
I vow I want not, will but wait a time,
With best effect to shew my Loyalty,
It will the better speed for this long pause.

Mar. Be thine the tongue's, no matter what's the
cause?

Concealed Loyalty as well as lands,
We hope at last will fall to'th Princes hands,
And let no Nobles hope their worth will shine,
Who make the Sun of Majesty decline;
If Honours spring be dry, 'tis vainto dream,
That Rivers thence deriv'd can have a stream.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. SCEN. Ult.

Enter Andronicus, Panergus, and Basilus.

And. **L**ets see the List,
Read it *Panergus*, then will we declare,
Whom we think fit to save, whom fit to kill.

Pa. *Maria Caesarissa* is the first,

Baf. Sirs, she's a woman, may she not be spar'd?

An. What is your holiness in love with her?

I tell you Sir, she is more then a woman,
An able active brain, a daring spirit,
She does inherit her father *Manuels* parts,
She shall be kill'd.

Pa. How will you dispose of her husband?

An. I have solemnly observed in all my time,

Never to part the husband and the wife

Pa. *Assons* followeth, what's your highness pleasure,

An. Erect a scaffold in the Market place,

And there behead him, this shall be his crime;

His riot ill imprest the waxen youth,

Of young *Alexius* this will render us,

Just to the people, and gain reputation.

Pa. *Morio* the jester next i'th list succeeds,

Baf. His body downward's fool, his head's a knave;

Court passages he cunningly doth mark,

And vents them by the priviledge of his coate

In wary twilight betwixt jest and earnest:

An. Ile not infringe the grand Charter of jesters,

'Tis ancient, and he's beneath my anger.

Pa. But Sir, *Isachius* must be lookt unto,

He is the next of the Imperial line.

An. Let him alone poor narrow hearted soul:

To enjoy his books, and beads, and crucifixes.

He lives, i'th covent and there let him live,

Ba. Hee's loath to wake a Lyon that doth sleep.

(*Asid.*

Pa.

Pa. Then comes *Cleobulus* who first deni'de
Unto our grand petition to subscrib,
He must be kill'd.

An. He must be kept alive.

Pa. Strange reason Sir,

An. Our pleasure is our reason.

We do delight to cross mens expectations,
And love to leave th' mazed world at loss
They shall not trace the Labyrinth of my acti-
ons,

Wee'l slay, whom they think we will save and
whom,

They think wee'l slay wee'l save, the more their
thoughts

Are thus defeated, they'l admire

And what they cannot understand adore,

Pa. Next *Palaeologus* doth take his turn,

An. A dangerous youth, high birth, and higher
parts,

His mind above his means, dispatch him sure.

Pa. But Sir, on what pretence must these be kill'd?

Some thing must be alleadged first, like truth,

To satisfie the mouths of greedy people.

An. Power never wanted pretences, and those just,
And legall for to do what it desir'd,

Accuse them, that they lately have conspir'd

Against our sacred person, Knights o'th post,

Of th' Devils dubbing quickly shall depose it,

Their tongues are hired for trifles, and their
thoughts

Save honesty, but here it may be bought.

Pa. Crato doth next succeed.

An. Enough at once,

I do desire *Alexius* should be

Enough.

Well waited on in's progress to his grave,

All these shall usher him, such as remain

Shall follow after to hold up his train.

Some dishes in our first course we dispose,

Others reserve therewith to close our meal.

Chorus consisting of two companies of old men.

1. *Chor.* **N**eighbours, what news? tell us we pray,

The issue of this pregnant day,

For now, alas, 'tis all our task,

News to tell, or news to ask.

And arrived at these years,

Our hands, are turn'd to tongues and ears.

2. *Chor.* Gull'd with lyes wee'l be no more,
Which so oft were gull'd before.

Nor will be rob'd by Pamphlet-thief,

First of our coyn, then our belief,

All truth is mounted to the skies,

And all that's left below are lyes.

1. *Chor.* Speak you of the other side?

What you say is not denide,

Our soes no open forging spare:

The Country vents the City ware,

Lyes and money both they mynr,

Those sons number, that by stynt.

2. *Chor.* Both sides in lying twins are Grown,
But for the Elder, theirs we own,
We started last, have nigh o're got,
Them, and the copy which they wrote:
So imitate, 'tis hard to say.
Master, scholler, we, or they.

1. *Chor.* 'Tis true we're all o'ch Poets straine,
All are poor, all use to feign.
Henceforth it shall be our care,
Onely to tell, and trust our share.
What news soever men do talk,
Two parts of three, we will defalk.

2. *Chor.* Nay, of some news was told a late,
Twice five of ten you must abate.
Castles i't'h air they made to stand,
And march'd o're seas, and sail'd o're land:
With such improbable relations,
Were both the tales, and consultations.

1. *Chor.* Such news are useful in these ages,
Our souldiers else would oft want wages,
Such pleasing falshoods, wisely told.
Do serve mens spirits to uphold,
Spirits which fall when once they stoop;
And dye when they begin to droop.

2. *Chor.* Then let them drop, then let them dye,
Rather then live, sav'd with a lye;
The higher that mens spirits mount,
Reckoning on a false account,
The lower they will fall to ground,

When

When truth long hid, at last is found.

1. *Chor.* But if some zealous Lady tels,
The news, she converts infidels,
And all do credit her the better,
Seconded by some great Lords letter,
Who doubts reports from persons high,
Do tant amount give them the lye.
2. *Chor.* But seeing in this factious age,
All sorts themselves on sides engage,
We take the leave what ere is told,
Wee'l trust when tis thrice three daies old,
No news to us doth sent so well,
As when tis stale to others smell.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Monobius a great noise and bustling within, One swears and curses aloud above all the rest.

Mon. **V**Whose that within that rends mine
Ears with oathes?

Lap. Whose that without doth ask? 'twas I did
swear,

Enter Lapardas.

And I do hope I did it with a grace.

Mon. Can words so foul come from so fair a face.

Lap. Oathes are the badges of magnanimity.

Mon. But he's Most valiant that least useth oathes.

Lap. Valour it self expires such expressions.

Mon. As nature is purg'd out in excrements,

Some sins with pleasure do delight the sense,

Others with profit do invite the soul,
Neither of these in swearing we can see

Lap. 'Tis my pleasure to swear.

Mon. Swearing swallows the hook without a bait.

Lap. To speak the truth, Sir, I was overtaken,
The Rascals did much provoke my patience.

Mon. Will you strike heaven, because earth did vex
you?

Lap. My tongue was bad, but yet my heart is good,

Mon. But by the tongue the heart is understood.

Lap. They'r Oaths of course.

Mon. Course oaths they are indeed,

Mon. A solemn oath I carefully observe.

Mon. That's solemn which appeals to the highest
judge.

Lap. The tyrant custome makes me to persist,

Mar. The Usurpers Custom, and you must resist it,

Lap. So long prescription doth create a right,

Mar. Not against him who is the Prince,

Lap. For every Oath I bestow to the poor,
Some money, and so re-buy my innocence.

Mon. Such bargains would break you, though *In-*
diar master,

Beside Heavens wounds you cannot cure with
gold.

Lap. My debts I pay to th' poor, heavens heirs at
large:

Mar. Alas they can't discharge you from your sins.

Lap. Tell me what penance I must then endure;

Mon. I take no pleasure in anothers pain.

Lap. What

Lap. What you injoyn that I intend to do.

Mon. Then for the future strive to mend your fault;

Lap. Habits depart slowly, which are slowly acquired.

Mon. It is half done, when desired seriously,
Unswear your tongue by degrees. —

Lap. You will give leave, I may presume to send
A curious Limner to you.

Mon. For what end?

Lap. Your lively picture he shall make for me,
His Art shall strive to overtake nature;
The frame shall be richly imboist with Gold.

Mon. Alas, It never will deserve the cost.

Adorn'd with all the Art the gilder can,

Mon. The picture will be more worth than the
man.

Lap. Ile hang it by my bed, where your grave sight,
M'unruly tongue will woo or fright from oaths.

Mon. Set but your Maker once before your eyes,
Remember him I pray, and forget me. *Exit.*

Lap. I wonder *Ducas* breaks his promise, now
'Tis past eleven, but here he is.

ACT. IV. SCEN. 2.

Enter Ducas.

Duc. **W**E are in a sad condition.

Lap. 'Tis as good,

As we deserve, who did carve for our selves

This

This dainty bit, which we must eat or starve,
Fearing we should by others be undone,
We very wisely have undone our selves.

Panurgus now does all, we're made but stales.

Duc. Curs'd be the day *Andronicus* came hither.

Lap. Sure 'twas a night, whilst we securely slept,
Fools Lullabies, and now too late awake.

Duc. We did too much adore *Andronicus*,
As if two'd pose the Heavens, as things did stand,
To cure our wounds, save only by his power:

Lap. 'It is the common peoples fault, or fate,
'Men to o're love, or else to hate to hell.

Too greedily we did devour our hopes,
Cordials may choak, if poured in too fast.

Duc. I had far rather die of the disease,
Then of the remedy:

'Diseases do their kinde, if they do kill,
'And ill that is expected is lesse ill;
But to be kill'd by Physick. —

Lap. Andronicus,
Did hitch himself by inches up the Throne,
We did not see him grow, but felt him groan.
First, He was chosen but joynt Emperour,
'Twas then *Alexius* and *Andronicus*,
(So ran all Patentes) then they were transpos'd,
It was *Andronicus* and *Alexius*,
They took their place according to their age,
The master first, then the Page followed.

Duc. When I saw this, I read *Alexius* doom:

Lap.

Lap. And in my private thoughts proclaim'd him dead,

*Twas cunningly contrived and subtilly acted,
Badness will blush at once to be stark naught.
 Men climb too't by Degrees.

Duc. Let Princes stop treason before 'tis broacht,
 Nor let them think by granting of requests,
 Thereby to quiet mens ambitious minds,
 Such condescending to their wills,
 Widens their wishes, prompts their new desires,
 And teacheth their demands to mount still higher,
 Begging like sturdy men, by high-way side,
 VVith full intent to take it, if denide.

Lap. Let us now play an happy after game,

Duc. That is the worst of Plots, and best of shifts.

Lap. *Palcolagus* for certain is escaped,
 Hath got the Ships, and seized on the Port;
 He is expected with an Army of *Persians*,
Ifachins now appeareth for himself,
 VVith him wee'l live and dy, h'ath but one fault,
 He is a softly too vvell natur'd man.

Duc. That circle of your vvords describes him weak

Lap. No, in himself, he is able enough,
 But I'm afraid ill men may inveigle him,
 So mild a dove can never prove an eagle.

Enter Cleobulus.

Here comes *Cleobulus*. How doth the plot please you?

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE 3.

To them enter Cleobulus.

Cl. **T**He plot pleases me well, onely I wonder,
Ifachius would make use o'th' *Persians*.

Our countrey men alone i'de have imployed.

Duc. Why would not you have *Persians* brought
 in.

Cle. Because they'r *Persians*,

Lap. Is their name a sin.

Cle. No but their nation will cause our smart,

Lap. It is a nation full of bravery,

They honour acts, which the rude *Turks* con-
 temn,

And are preservers of nobility.

Cle. Their own, perchance, all other they destroy.

Duc. They love us well.

Cle. Because our Ancestors

Deprived theirs, of the worlds Monarchy.

Lap. That antiquated quarrel's quite forgot,

They love us now because we hate the *Turks*.

Cle. The cunning Ivy thus doth love the Oake,

Imbrace and rob and soak i'ts moysture out,

"I love not forraign aid if not supprest.

"He may turn Landlord who is now our guest.

Duc. Their power wee'l bound, with politique
 restrictions.

Cle. First we let in the sea, then raise a bank,

Duc.

Duc. There shall be but some few of them im-
ploy'd,

Cle. Their help then will not be considerable.

And may be wholly spar'd.

Duc. By few, I mean.

No more then we can wield and manage well.

Cle. Under pretence of few, swarms will croud in.

Lap. They shall command no Ports or place of
strength

Cle. If they have strength they will command our
Ports.

Lap. Weel keep them in continuall action,
So either they will waist away in war,
Or else when peace depart.

Cle. Or else they'l stay, and share with us,

Lap. Nay, when their work is done,

Wee'l pay their wages, and so pack them hence.

Cle. What if they have a mind to pay themselves?

Duc. They'r bound from it, by solemn Articles.

Cle. Power keeps no promise, cancels all condi-
tions,

I know all *Persia* well it stretcheth out,

To th' *Caspian* sea, all Winter in the North.

Whence with an ample compass bending South,
A long the *Arabick* gulf 'tis parcht with heat.

Lap. 'Tis wonderful that

The torrid and the frozen Zone should meet,

No temperate clime to keep them two asunder.

Cle. I tell you truth, and think they'l ne'r forsake,
Our

Our shady groves and smiling meadows and,
 Return to frownings in heath, and bald-pate hills.
 They which did freely slice our fattest bief,
 Won't stoop their stomach to their hungry rise.
 And having learn't with us to swill in wine,
 They'll ne're confine their throats to water
 springs,
 I know not what you witty men may think.
 But twill ne'r sink unto my blockish brains,
 That they'll return, but if they do retire,
 I'll wonder at them.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. IV. SCENE 4.

Enter Andronicus, and Panurgus.

An. **Y**OU give a good account of all your business,

Maria Caesarissa and her husband

Shall ne're allarm me with frightful dreams,
 Out of my sleep more, How didst thou dispatch
 them,

Pan. By poyson Sir, an unsuspected way.

An. It picks mens souls from them by slight of
 hand.

And steals their lives, yet never bids them stand.

Pan. I brib'd her *Galen* (all physicians hold,

There's no such cordials for themselves as gold)

And quickly he did purge out both their lives,

An. How did *Asorus* bear himself at's death?

Pan.

Pan. First he did swagger, swear, look big and bluster,

And musterd up whole legions of curses.

As if hee'd make the Ax turn edge therewith,

But when he saw there was no remedy,

His soul not slooping by degrees fell flat.

From *Lyon* he did instantly turn *Calf*,

First dead with fear, and then di'd by the Ax.

An. What is become of *Palceologus*,

Pan. For th' time he shifted, but shall not escape.

An. Which way shall I thy diligence requite,

Panergus dear *Panergus*. [He imbraceth him
[in his arms.

Favour me to bestow on thee this favour,

What honour office, pension, place preferment,

By sea, or land, in the robe long or short

Thy honesty I'm certaine will discharge

All Offices alike, come ask at full,

Crave it and have it whatsoe're is mine.

Thy meritt not my bounty makes it thine.

Pan. I nothing can deserve, nor do desire.

An. Ask some reward of me I command thee.

Pan. My pains are rewarded if but accepted,

Onely I am ambit ous of one smile

Cast on me from your sacred countenance.

An. By empty smiles I know that none can live,

Ask me some wealth, fie fie, thou dost not know,

That modestie's a courtiers greatest foe.

Pan. I ever lov'd to advance my friends good,

Scarce bettered my self except by chance.

An.

An. No chance but one can ever make thee better,
Aside.

Because you for your self will make no choise,
 What I choise for you, you Ile swear shall take.

Pan. Welcome what e're comes from your High-
 ness hands,

An. Alas it doth not lye within my power,
 To lift thy heavy soul up to the sky.

Yet Ile bestow my highest boone upon thee,
 And mount thy body nearest to the Moon,
 No common gibbet shall your greatness have.
 Such as would serve some petty pilfering thief,
 Loosing his life to relieve his wants.

Of sweetest Fir they shall be built, and new,
 The cross beam painted (pitty 'tis not gilt)
 No sturdy hemp shall gall thy tender neck,
 Onely a silken twist, soft, fine and small.

Pan. I hope Sir, my disservice ne're was such.

(He falls on his knees.)

An. No but your service Sir, hath been too much,
 Your great deserts do daily upbraid me.

Pan. Such syllables this mouth did never utter.

An. That treason which your heart doth freely
 think,

Your nose and eyes declare. —
 Your forehead frowns a flat rebellion,
 Your hands your Feet speak this, *Andronicus*
 Doth ow his Crown, his life, himself to me.

Pan. No 'tis I ow my life unto your Highness,

An. Then you shall pay it now, Ile take my due.

Pan.

Pan. I never have resisted your command,

And. Nor shall you now withstand my pleasure,
That hand of thine did spill two Princes blood.

Pan. I did it but to please your Highness will,

And. *When Princes do injoyne what is not fit,*

Ill you must suffer, but not ill commis,

Belides I bid you slay, you poyson'd them,

Pan. The things the same.

And. But each particular

Of this our pleasure, we will have observ'd,

I charge you to revive them both again.

Pan. That's past my power, but if I could I would,

And. Would you revive our deadly enemies?

Pan. 'Tis vain to answer where power doth oppose,

And. I sent you, And will take you off betimes,

Least what you have done for us, you do on us.

Come necessary evil in a State. *Enter Spiculator.*

Make this mans Pass to *Pluto* with all speed,

Hell will afford him room enough I hope,

Earth yeields too small a scope for his active
brain,

And truly I do pity *Pluto* now,

He will out Devil him, and usurp his place.

Andronicus whispers to Spiculator, & exit.

Spic. Trust each Artificer in his owne Art,

Hang me if I perform not my own part,

F

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. 5.

Enter Panergus, and Spiculator.

Pan. **P**RAY use me kindly, we should be a kin,
My mother was the daughter of a Hang-
man

Better extracted by my Fathers side,
He was a Projector.

Spic. Who your grandfather ?

Pan. I know vvhom to call Grandfather :

For Grandfather I'ad either *none* or *all*,

Spic. So much of your Original Now for your end,
Your Pedigree is good, but wants this vvreath.

Takes the balster in his hand, and

Come thou *Panpharmakon* of all diseases, [*shews it.*

Purges are base, vvorse vomits, blisters painful,

Blood-letting cruel, glisters are immodest,

This Feavers quenches, and moist Dropsies
dreines,

Cures Plurisies, not opening of a Vein,

Stays the Vertigo, helps the the Strangury,

Opens the Urine, only stops the breath.

Pan. Can you thus jeer at one consign'd to death

Spic. I learnt it from some Sages in our State,

A hangman may well imitate a iudge,

Some vvhen they do begin to give sentence ;

First break a jest, and then the Offenders neck,

But to be serious, would you have a Confessor ?

Pan. With all my heart.

Spic.

Spic. I'll send for th' Patriarch,

Pan. Nay, spare your pains, for his unholiness;

Hath more need to confess to me,

His Conscience is so wide, 'tis none at all.

Spic. Improve the little time you have to spend,

Not to blame others, but to mend your self.

Pan. 'Tis gravely spoken, Oh, now for *Monobius*.

Spic. What he who late crept from his Cell?

Pan. The same,

Spic. Whose looks do carry Lent.

Pan. The self same man.

Spic. Mistake not.

Pan. I am sure;

Spic. Then be assur'd,

He shall not come to be your Confessor,

You would not one, shall not have the other.

Wee'l teach them not to chuse, who are to crave;

[*He puts the Raps about his neck, Andron. enters.*

And. Hold Hangman thou hast acted well thy part,

By all those Saints, whom truly I adore,

All that I did before was but in jest.

I did but try thee whether thou wert able?

To be miserable with minde undaunted,

I now commend thy carriage all this time,

Thy courage makes thy miseries to smile.

Pan. O happy eares! Oh voice more then Divine.

And. Thou hast not bow'd thy soul beneath thy self,

Speak freely didst thou think I was in earnest?

Pan. I thought so when I seriously beheld,

Your power unbounded, but when I reflected
Upon your goodness, then I hop'd you jested.

And. Our power revives you now out of the grave.

Pan. I humbly live to meditate upon,
Your mercy and my resurrection:

And. His soul's exalted now sufficiently,
He stoop him in the Zenith of his joy,
He shall again dance back into the rope,
No torture to the rack 'twixt fear and hope.

Hangman to your work,
Deaths sentence shall proceed, for all this now,
Was interpos'd as a Parenthesis.

Pan. Remember Sir, the oath you lately took,
By all the saints whom truly you adore,

An. Deep oath indeed as if that I should swear,
By all the love which I do bear to thee.

Pan. May causeless jealousies possess thy mind,
Seeking for that thou wouldest be loath to find;
Ten thousand furies in thy conscience yell,
Till that we both together meet in———*(He*
strangles him.

Spi. He spoil your rime,
And may all Traytors have this just reward.

An. Preserve the Halter I have a further drift,

Spi. Sir, It is done, *these times will teach us thrift.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE 6.

Manet Andronicus.

An. **H**E knew too much, but now hee'l tell no
tales,

Mens teeth grow in their graves but not their
tongues,

Lest I who kill'd the Serpent now should chance,
Hereafter to be poyson'd by his Eggs.

My next care is how to dispatch his breed,

No mindful heirs shall here succeed;

I love to bestow favours by leasure.

And tickle men by dropping kindness slowly,

But my revenge I in one instant spend.

That minute which begins it, ends it too.

Half doing undoes many, 'tis a sin,

Not to be soundly sinful, if we once begin:

Ile make sure work on't, *They strike in vain,*

That strike so that the stricken may complain.

(A huge shout within.)

But heark *Alexius* my Rivals slain,

That shout's the watchword, now I am secur'd,

But yet I have rather chang'd then eas'd my
cares,

As long as that *Isachius* is alive.

Lapardus Crato, Ducas, joyn with him,

And *Paleologus* with his *Persians*.

In the sag end crawls in *Cleobulus*;

A medly plot patcht up of all ingredients,
 Unsuiting souls o' different dispositions.
 Divers are their intents, their ends their aimes;
 But for to be my foes, their all made friends,
 Yet cannot joynt so close but through their rifts,
 I plainly did perceive their drifts long since,
 Fools learn from me hereafter to contrive.
 Your plots more private *projects like to wounds,*
If they take air corrupt, with golden keyes.
 Your Cabbinet Councell easly i'll unlock,
 Your secret whisperings hollow in mine ears.
 I will prevent your plot, *He most espies,*
Who for a time is pleas'd to shut his eyes. (Exit.

ACT. IV. SCEN. Ult.

Enter Cleobulus, and Crato.

Cra. O Barbarus, Barbarus, O, O, O, O, O,

Cle. No letters in your *Alphabet* but O.

Cra. Unjust, most cruel, inhumane, brutish, devilish,

Cle. Leave your gradations, pray speak even sense,

Cra. *Alexius* is slain.

Cle. Is that a wonder,

'Tis strange one dead in power surviv'd so long.

And now he's gone into the *Elisian* shade,

Who was but a meere shadow when he liv'd

Cra. *Andronicus* and *Alexius* were like,

Cesar and *Bibulus* consuls of *Rome*,

Where

Whereof the *One* did all, the other drank all.

Cle. Either each day *Alexius* did rise drunk,
Or else each night he went to bed sober.
I saw no difference, alwaies he the same,
Habited sot.

Cra. His Empress I believe,
Will not for sorrow wee'p her self to Amber.

Cle. She hath to cause fort.

Alas she nere had leave to like, or love,
It was state-reason made the marriage,
Tw'as not their hearts but countries that were
n'de,

Greece was the *Bridegroom*, and *France* was the
Bride,

Cra. There's a brave widdow for *Andronicus*.

Cle. He is to old to wife

Cra. And so he was.

Too old to have the Empire.

Cle. All lust in him is dead save onely his ambition.

Cra. But do you hear of *Isachius* his plot.

Cle. Tell that for news?

Cra. Yea how it is detected.

Cle. You jest I hope,

Cra. As serious as a confessor at shrift;

Cle. Why did you not tell me sooner,

Cra. Do you,

Long for ill news? We here it now too soon,

Lapardus taken, and *Isachius* fled.

Cle. No time to toy and talke, a minute now,

Well us'd may be the ransome of our lives,
 Something must be resolv'd on, let us try,
 Old legs, which cannot go, now learn to flye,
 (Exeunt.)

Chorus consisting of two companies.

1. Chor. **C**ome lets now open sorrows sluice,
 And with our passion break the
 Truce,

Our souls no more intends to borrow
 Joy on the credit of too morrow.

Lest that in mirth we spend one day
 The next doth it in mourning pay.

2. Chor. Long since we thought we were so low,
 That lower we could never go,
 Yet scarce into our woes did enter,
 When we conceiv'd our selves at th' center;
 Alas we fondly did mistake,
 And of the brink did bottom make.

1. Chor. All the losses we endure,
 Do but make us more secure,
 None lay luxury aside.
 None abate their needless pride,
 None a cup the more forbear:
 None an oath the fewer swear.

2. Chor. Yet you may observe of late,
 How all people do debate.
 Ryots, thristy, pride, grown plain,
 Gluttons fast, wantons contain.

Gamsters

Gamsters all now up do take,
When the Empire lies at stake.

1. Chor. Many humbled we do see,
Oh that they would humble be.
It doth not our praise advance,
To be starv'd to temperance.
Sin to leave us doth begin,
But alas we follow sin.

2. Chor. Were providence but pleas'd once more,
Our peace and plenty to restore,
Our lusts to charity we'd turn.
In coldest place it hot would burn,
Astraea should have a new birth,
And there would be an Heaven on Earth.

1. Chor. Rather the contrary we fear,
They'd wicked be that wicked were
The drunkard would be drunkard still.
And though more Old, be no less ill,
The wanton face will still be painted:
Dissembling souls will still seem sainted.

2. Chor. Small hope they'l better be improv'd,
When the punishment's remov'd,
Who are fowler for the purge,
And more wanton for the scourge,
Senseless of the plague they feel,
Gainst fiery rod their back is steel.

- Both Chor. 'Tis safest to suspect the worst,
They who fear nothing fall the first.
What we desire our selves do know.
What we shall do the event must show,

*Time this dispute can onely end,
Till then our verdict we suspend:*

(Exeunt.

ACT. 5. SCENE 1.

Enter Andronicus.

And **WE** hope *Julietta* hath deserv'd her
Diamond,

Before this time the seasonable opening.
Of matters in this kind is half prevailing,
If she but makes impressiō in her soul,
Let me alone both to assault and enter.

But here they come, *(Enter Anna and Julietta.*
Madam my hopes are clos'd in your eyes,
Set with your frowns, or with your smiles arise;
For love of you I'm marcht so many miles,
Pinch'd with cold sometimes, sometimes parch'd
with heat,

For love of you I did attain the Crown.

An. For love of me my husband dear was slain,

And. It is confest, O they lead wofull lives.

Who are condemned for to be the wives to boys,
I greiv'd a Lady of your rare perfections,
Was lavish't on a fool knew not your worth;
Whose wanton lusts did erre in base by-path's
And common pebbles prefer'd above a Pearl.

An. He had his faults.

Mild Lamb dost term them so,
May I but to his happiness succeed,

An.

An. I am too young to marry,

And. Too young to be a bride and art a widow

An. You are too old for me, what green to gray?

Your cold *November* to my flowry *May*.

And. I've nothing old about me save my hairs,

Dy'de white with care for you,

And Lady know that our reduced age,

Which doth not quench the heat, but cool the
rage,

Of flaming youth, is oft observ'd to prove

The most continued lasting constant love,

Jul. Many wise people I have heard say so.

And. Ten thousand knees shall bow to you,

Andronicus and *Anna* shall command.

Millions of men, thou conduct of my greatness!

All my pleasure will dispense by thee,

They'r blest or blasted by thy influence;

Improve this point, your come in happy hour

Jul. Whose power no woman can refuse,

(*Aside to Andronicus.*)

An. So sudden love after my husbands death,

Will make some talk ill and suspect far worse.

And. Princes must learn to slight fond peoples talk,

No works will they atchieve, whom words do
fright,

An. *Julietta* tell us what you do advise.

Jul. He make no match, no thanks if it speeds well,

All blame all curses if it succeeds ill.

An. He thinks he offers fair,

Jul. So fair that I'm perswaded for my part,

You!

You'l never thrive if you outstand this mart.

And. Good madam speak your resolution,

An. Alas, Sir, I am unworthy of your love.

No real merit lies in my bosom,

But what's seen by your self-deceiving eyes;

And. Your modesty doth say so. *(He embraceth
(and kisseth her.*

An. What wonder if that he whose valour hath
So many of his stoutest foes suppress:

Should easily conquer a poor Lady? *(Exit*

Anna and Julietta.

And. We will give order for our nuptials,

And instantly return.

Pluto give leave *Alexius* may peep,

Out of thy cave and then return to sleep.

Onely to see how I supply his place,

Who wear his Crown and do embrace his wife.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 2

*Enter Spiculator, Lapardas, surgeon and servant,
all on a Scaffold.*

Sp. Speak much in little Sir, times pretious,

La. I had rather little in much, lifes pretious

But I obey,

Here come I to receive my due desert;

Noble was my extraction great my estate.

Greater my pride, which to raise and maintain,

I brought

I brought *Andronicus* to the Empire,
 But as a *Mole* I still wrought under ground.
 Stood by as *Mute* said nothing and did all,
 Spur'd on the posting Patriarch to odious acti-
 ons,

Thus did I fence my self against fortunes spight,
 If times did hold, my course I would shape so
 If times did change I hop't still to escape.

But I forgot that *Tyrants* do intend,
 To slight those stairs by which they did ascend.

I found my self deceiv'd too late at last,
 Gan to unravel what before I woav'd.

Go then ye *Fools* idolatrize the Court;
 Out-child your children fondly learn to sport,
 With honours, bubble, pleasures painted feather,
 That greatness onely stands on vertue's built.

'Tis near possess't with joy, that's bought with guilt,
 Now *speculator* play thy part,

To Nature I a natural death do ow;

A violent death to justice I'm indebted,

Take then from me what I've no right to keep,
 This wretched life.

Spi. I have no such warrant;
 I must boar out your eyes.

Lap. Heavens forbid,

Spi. The highest upon earth doth so command,
 I'm but an instrument then do not blame

The stone that's thrown, but hand that threw it,
 (Kneels and asks forgiveness.)

Forgive me Sir, I pray,

Lap.

Lap. I thee forgive,
 And him that doth imploy thee, may he live,
 To see and sorrow for his scarlet sins.
 I pardon all the world, except my self,
 Fare well most glorious Sun, life of my life,
 The bank of light whence Moon and Stars do
 Borrow,
 Strange that thy Charriot should go down so
 soon,
 And set in this my Hemisphere at noone,
 My woful life perhaps may last longer,
 But Oh my dayes are altogether past, *(He binds*
him, bores out his eyes
the surgeon claps
plaisters on them.

O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O, O.

Spi. Sure Sir, I'm truly sorry for your pain,

Lap. And I'm griev'd far more that I deserved it,
(Holds his eyes in his hand.

Dear Jewels of my body!

Whom careful nature from her wardrope
 cloathed. O.

And coated with so many Junicles!

Was it because you shot forth wanton Glances.

Or Rivals did with envious looks behold?

Or that that you did adore the shine of gold?

That now I've lost you, or was it because

Too many Sun-dayes I before ill spent,

That now nor Sun, nor day, I shall see more?

Heaven

Whatsoever was the cause this truth I find,
Heavens justice, I see clearly now I'm blind.

ACT. V. SCENE 3.

Andronicus Solus.

FORTUNE do now thy worst; and do not spare,
Ther and thy power I now desie and dare.
Before thou couldst not see. now canst not feel
In pitty to thee I will turn thy wheel.
And thou great Bugbear men call destiny,
(Whom the wise scorn) fools make a deytty;
We've mauld you by our prudent providence.
Both wanton chance and cruel fate pack hence,
No sawcy dangers dare oppose our bliss,
Caus'd from false friends or fury of foes.
Aptius was a churle and starv'd his soul,
We'll frolick better with our *Gemins*:
All pleasures shall strive for this happiness.
Which shall soonest arrive all our senses,
Though none stay long do supplant each other.
And thus with various Mirth wee'l finish
other eares,
Whilst politicians there looks on us;
And when they read our practise burn their
books,
Studdy our life although (a las) in vain,
T' attain unto the top of all our bliss,
And yee, their best will learn to mend by ours,
And so, though short of us, transcend them-
selves.

Safeties

Safety's not safe, if we be not secure;
We build our greatness so as to endure,
 Pil'd up by Art stop't every cranny where,
 The shadow of a danger did appear;
 They'r fools who with late sorrow do repent,
 What early foresight easily might prevent;
 To late born nephews shall our Crown descend,
 And with the world shall our succession end.

ACT. V. SCEN. 4.

Enter Messenger.

And. **B**Ring'st ought which is worth so much
 posting speed?

Mes. A blazing *Star*, was lately seen i'th' *East*,

And. A mighty bulchin *Calf* was calv'd i'th' *West*.

Mes. I'm glad your Highnes makes so light of it.

And. A blazing *Starrs* beneath me, I'm the *Sun*
 That brightly shine i'th' *Grecian Firmament*,
 What is a blazing *Star*, the *Kisbin-stuffe*,
 O'th' lower Region fir'd, then fades in snuffe.

Mes. Is stream'd with beams like hair unto the
 death.

And. Sure it presageth then some Princes death;
 That wears long locks, but see my hair is short.
 It seems the Heavens are merry, and now make
 Bonafires.

Mes. A Woman was delivered of a child.

And. That's strange indeed, but had

A child bin now deliver'd of a Woman.

Mef. Deliver'd of a *child* that had two heads,
The one alive sprightly *plump*, fat and fair,
The other dwining, wither'd, old, and dead!

And. Herein *Dame Nature* doth not prophecy,
But only doth relate an *History*:
These double *heads* were verifed thus,
The living we, *Alexius* the dead.

Mef. An *Earthquake* in the south was plainly felt,

And. Our Mother *Earth* was troubled with the
collick,

Some prison'd *Wind* striv'd for his liberty.

Mef. *Saint Paul* (your Tutelary Saint) his statue
Of brass did weep.

And. For joy of our success,
Give him an *Hankerchief* to wipe his eyes:
I wonder at those wonder at these joys;
To those they'r onely true, who do them dread;
Fortune fear'd 's a *Tyrant*, scorn'd a *Coward*

(Exit 1. Messenger)

(Enter 2. Messenger)

Our words and thoughts are many miles apart,
Fair weather in our face, storms in our heart.

Such *Prodigies* I fear pretend no good;

Another *Messenger*, more *Prodigies*.

You bring the *second part* to the *same tune*.

2. *Mef.* A *tune* will scarce sound pleasing in our ears,
Isachius appear'd i't'h Market place.

And there made an *Oration* to the people.

And. He an *Oration*? Then a *Jews-trump*'s a *Lute*

Pan made such *Musick* on an Oaten Pipe,

2. *Mef.* *Pan's* *Musicks* best where *Midas* is the Judge,

He made his speech unto the *proples* ears.

And. He is as *Eloquent* as *Valiant*.

2. *Mef.* Hee's *Eloquent* that doth attain his ends,

What he did lack in *Rhetorick*, he did

Supply with *Logick*, with his *Arguments*.

He prov'd his hearers all into his subjects,

It is the language now of all the City,

Long live the *Emperour* *Isachius*.

And. Surprised, surprised,

I th' port I have a *Pinnace* under sail,

Long since provided if all else should fail.

Thither Ile now retire my self in hast;

Hee's not quite broke, who hath one shift at last.

ACT. V. SCENE 5.

Enter Menander.

Men. I Cannot live with Countrey Clowns they are,

(Carp not *Philosophers*) reasonable *Brutes*,

Have no discourse, can neither teach nor learn.

The countrey doth afford rich dirt, plump grain

Rank *Meadows*, Fatter then the sweating swain,

No *Masks*, no *Reuels*, no *Magnifique* sport,

The worlds all *Prison*, which is not the Court,

Pardon my dear *Artemia*.

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In all things else thy *Councels* are my *Laws*,
Herein alone my will *rebels*, for I
Must live at Court or living dye elsewhere
(Enter Cleobulus)

Cle. Welcome to Court, *Mexander*, on what side,
An *Isachist* or an *Andronichist*.

Men. An honest man.

Cle. No answer but a shift.

Men. I am for no side but the blessed *Mean*

Cle. A *Newter's* the worst vermine in our state;
Lukewarm's a temper Heaven and Hell do hate.

Men. Are these two sides the onely gates which
Leads

To happiness.

Cle. But one gate opens thither,
Honest men must list themselves on one side;
Not hedge like you on both to save your state,
Mean time neglecting all the *Publick good*.

Men. The *Publick good* is onely the result
Of many private mens particular goods,
By saving mine *Estate* I do advance
The Common-Wealth ———

Cle. Politick *Bat*, sometimes, *Mouſe* sometimes
Bird,

Give me the man who strips his Judgement
from

All by respects, seeks naked for the *Truth*.

Men. Immodest and unwholsome in cold weather,

Cle. Critick not on my words give me the man,
Consults not with success but with the cause.

And having found the *right* engageth all,
 Therewith to stand or else to fall therewith.

Men. I do not know on which side is the right.

Cle. Affected blindness at noone sees not light.

Men. So dark things do seem clear to partial eyes.

Cle. Ile read your destiny because you hope,
 Though the *great ship* of all our state be wrack't.
 To waste your private *goods* safe to the *shore*,
 In your own fly-boate, know it is the fate;
Dancers on ropes at last mistake their *posse*.
 For all their skill fall down and break their *necks*,
 Even such be thy succets who dost intend
 To lose thy *Conscience* for to keep thy *ease*,
 To please both sides, may you both sides dis-
 please,

(Exit Menander.)

ACT. V. SCENE 6.

Enter Crato.

Cra. **I** *Sachius* his speech exceeded,
 Himself and expectation.

Cle. Reserved men are thrifty of their words,
 To spend more freely when occasion serves.

Cra. His *language* was not loose, but close and
 quick,
 Not *gawdyn* sound but full and rich in sense.
 He did not wo *attention* but command it.

Cle. The *imperfection* of his *Tongue* be seem'd him.

Cra.

Cra. He spake more *Prince-like*, not like those who made,

Their *Tongue* their *Ware*, their *Eloquence* their *Trade*,

Cle. I'm sorry the people pillag'd the Pallace.

Cra. *Andronicus* his ill got goods left there,
Both rais'd and ruin'd were by potent *Theft*.

Cle. Their action was illegal ———

Mens injuries help to make Heaven more just.

Cra. I grieve more that the Chappel was defac'd,
Twas stately.

Cle. I love no such triumphant *Churches*,
They scatter my devotion, whilst my sight.

Is courted to observe their sumptuous cost,

I find that my heart is lost in my eyes,
Whilst that a holy horror seems to dwell
Within a dark obscure and humble Cell.

Cra. But I love Churches mount up to the skies,
For my devotion rises with their roof.

Cle. Therein my soul doth Heaven anticipate
A stately library fraught with rarities,
(So many that they were not rare) was spoil'd
The stairs whereby our antiquaries clime
Up to the knowledge of the former *Agas*,
With some records which 'fore the flood were
found,

Cra. In a tumultuous deluge now they'r drown'd,

Cle. Would that *Isachius* had repress't their fury,

Cra. 'Twas past his power, no *Tyrant* to a *Tu-*
mlt.

*At night thou dost bestow a play,
And troubled minds thou dost set free,
Thou makest both friends and foes agree.
All are at ke who live by breath,
In thee and in thy brother death.*

Hee's fast asleep.

5. Ser. He sleeps with open eyes,
Then like the Lyon, that's his constant use.

And. Was I a sleep? I'm glad 'twas but a dream,
(*He starts from the bed.*)

Sure 'twas a vision I did plainly see,
The pale ghost of *Alexius* to the life.
With glowing Pincers he tormented me,
Whilst that *Maria Cesarissa* stitch'd,
Hot burning needles through our painful sides:
Out of *Lapardas* eyes two streams did flow
Of blood, wherein I first did swim then sink,
And waking caught this pillow for the brink.

2. Ser. *Dreams are but fancies descant on the day.*

And. But look, look here, there's *Alexius* Ghost.
Staring with hollow eyes he nods at me,
Just o're the chair of state.

3. Ser. There's nothing Sir,

And. Now, now, now, hee's remov'd into the corner,

1. Ser. 'Tis *Hectors* picture wrought in the hangings,

And. I say it is *Alexius* his Ghost.

2. Ser. Your fancy Sir, of Mole-hills raises mountains.

No plague is like to jealousies and fears,

And. What all turn'd Traytors? What gives *Isachius*,

Must each of you have a thousand *Bezants*.

How do ye find him? bountiful and noble?

3. His heart is heavy, and his Tongue talks light,

[Enter *Paleologus* with
Souldiers and taketh *An-*
dronicus on his bed.

Pal. Monster of mankind, and the sponge of blood,
Thou Goar of lust Tyger of cruelty,
Religious Ape, and envies *Basillisk*,
I will not in thy blood imbrue my hands,
Beasts shall kill thee, the many headed crue,
The people who did raise thee to the Crown,
As they did bring thee up shall throw thee
down.

And. My fall I hope shall Heavens honour raise,
By life or death I'll praise its justice. [Exit.

ACT. 5. SCENE 8.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. I See contentment doth not alwaies wait.
On Crowns. I would not wear one at the
rate,
My Lady doth, poor soul sighs, sobs, and tears,
Are all the company she hath save fears;

But

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But here she comes, I must be gone (Exit and
(enter Anna Sola,

Sorrow doth love no witnes,
Assist my grief to bemoan my wretched self.
Hearken ye stocks and rocks whilst I relate
The Chronicle of my most woful fate.
I have hope to finde compassion,
Stones may shew pittie where men prove unkind,
A Princess I was born, hence did arise
The source and growth of all my miseries,
My Father France call'd King, he made me
marry, *She falls a weeping.*

(O that a grave had been my marriage bed)
Ere I had felt the warmth of Cupids fire,
Small was my list to love, less to aspire.
But nuptial rites were suddenly dispatch't
To a boy husband, a child wife was married,
Our ages put together could not spell
Thirty, too young a pair to prosper long,
Happy ye milkmaids which each morn do walk
Thorow the virgin dew, o're pearled grass,
You sing i't'h day and sweetly sleep all night.
And do enjoy your undisturb'd delights,
You freely may bestow your affections,
Wed those whose love is high though state be
low,
High birth such bliss denies, fate doth refuse,
Us leave to leave, or liberty to chuse.
We are compell'd to like, whilst potent friends
Do sacrifice our marriage to their ends.

But

But he is gone, twere sin to wrong his Ghost,
 I will not blame him, and may not boast of him.
 The worst I beg, *(She weeps again.)*
 Is that his faults be buried in his grave:
 Since his decease, the great *Andronicus*,
 Did wed us.
 Forgive us, Heavens the while,
 To see a sinner weep be pleas'd to smile.
 Learn from us widdows how to cool your
 breasts,
 From ancient love, ere you do entertain,
 New thoughts for others,
 Scarce were we warm in bed the nuptial night;
 When loud alarums did affright us both;
 Mons was our Hymen, we took ship in vain:
 Cross Winds and Tydes inforc't us back again,
 Were this all, twere two much, but what is worst
Marapica that bold and cursed strumpet,
 Usurps our bed, and keeps in awe our husband.
 Subjects him to her will, which is his Law,
 Lust makes my love a stranger to his arms;
 Such is the Magick of her cunning charms.
 Blame not my pensive soul, though full of care
 Half an old husband is too much to spare.
 And yet that half more then I hope to keep,
 If true the Omen of my last nights sleep,
 Judge then, had any a more woful life,
 Whilst she was maid, whilst widow, whilst a
 wife,
 In brief, would you of sorrows frame a map.

You'd

You'd hardly Mate-like years, with like mishap.
To whom one hour of Joy did scarce betide,
Though daughter to a King, twice Emperors
Bride.

ACT. V. SCEN. 9.

Enter Menander wounded, and a Surgeon.

Men. *Artemia, Oraculous Artemia*

Sur. **A** How came you Sir, to these wounds on
both sides.

Men. Nay, tell me how I may come by the cure

Sur. They may be painful, but not dangerous;

[He dresses him.]

Men. This on my right side, made with push of
One of the *Isaacan* party gave to me, (pike,
Forth'other hack with sword, I have cause to
thank,

One that was of *Andronicus* his guard:

Sur. You'd bad success.

Men. As good as I deserv'd,

This 'tis to be a Neuter of no side,

I am drowfie.

Sur. Its good to forbear sleep a while.

Men. He rouze my self,

Sur. In what state was *Andronicus*?

Men. A sad one;

No Emperor of *Greece*, but Lord o'th' Soil,
With dirt and filth the people loaded him,

I ne're saw such a shower of mire before.

Sur. A pleasant heart's best balsom for your wounds.

Exit Surgeon.

Men. *Artemia*, oraculous *Artemia*;

Thou diedst Loyalties Martyr, and I live

Confessor to my folly; All this before

Thou prophesiedst, but I would not beleieve thee,

The weaker Sex sometimes speaks strongest sense;

The Country life I thought an heavy Task,

Cause there we saw no *Revels*, there no Mask

This made me come again to Court, where I

My self am made a Tragedy almost.

Home will I hast, see me at Court again,

And say who now is hurt, shall then be slain.

ACT. V. SCEN. 10.

Enter three Citizens of Constantinople, two of them having rescued the Corps of Andronicus from the fury of the People.

1. *Cit.* **A** Buse the dead! fie, fie, for shame forbear!

2. *Cit.* A Corps is senceless, therefore feels no pain.

3. *Cit.* More senceless you, that offer it this disgrace,

Dead Corps cannot be hurt, but may be wrong'd.

2. *Cit.*

2. *Cit.* To be more active, to torment his Ghost,
I wish I were a Devill for his sake.
1. *Cit.* Your hellish wish makes you a Devil now.
3. *Cit.* He had a peircing eye, a Princely garbe,
A winning gesture, and a charming tongue.
1. *Cit.* A handsom body, comely in each part :
2. *Cit.* A rotten soul, and a perfidious heart ;
1. *Cit.* All have their faults.
2. *Cit.* All han't their villanies.
3. *Cit.* He did erect a Stately Hospital.
2. *Cit.* It will not hold half those he hath Beggars
made.
1. *Cit.* Two glorious Churches he built and en-
dow'd.
2. *Cit.* Poor recompence to wrong'd Religion,
Churches to build, and pluck down Piety.
1. *Cit.* He made good Laws,
2. *Cit.* And brake them first himself ;
Besides himself hee'd have none other bad.
3. *Cit.* That was some goodness,
2. *Cit.* Tyrants are inforc't,
Sometimes to make good Laws, not out of love
To vertue, but to secure their safety,
Wherein their private ends are not concern'd,
Unpartial Justice there they must dispence,
More safely at other times to be unjust :
They'l stumble now and then on some good
deeds,
To render themselves passable with men.
1. *Cit.* He bare his torture with great patience,

Even

Even when his open'd Entrails call'd upon
 Tormentors bowels for compassion,
 'Calm was his soul whilst all that tempest fell;
 He like a Lamb.

2. *Cit.* Went quietly to Hell:

1. *Cit.* Be charitable Sir,

2. *Cit.* My Charity

Shall ne're destroy my judgment in such cases
 Think you that he hath liv'd so wickedly,
 With few good words stole happines at last.

3. *Cit.* That sigh might marry him to bliss whose
 force

Did quite divorce his body from his soul.

2. *Cit.* Preach but this doctrine. ———

And Heaven you'l people with another Nation,
 Of Whores and Thieves make there a new Plan-
 tation.

1. *Cit.* Repenting whores are Virgins, Theeves true
 men,

2. *Cit.* Well if he be in Heaven, Ile boldly say
 Its pitty any on Earth should know so much.

Exit.

1. *Cit.* If not a grave, Wee'l make a hole for him
 If not for th'dead, yet for the livings sake.

3. *Cit.* I hated him whilst living, now I feel
 A chill remorse runs thorow all my veins,
 My soul I see doth sing the common ditty,
 Envies all height, and pities all in woe.

ACT.

ANDRONICUS.

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ACT. V. SCEN. Ult.

*Enter Isachius, Basilus, Cleobulus,
Paleologus, Crato, &c.*

Bas. Thus from the *Cell* we bring you to the
Throne,

You sought not for a *Crown*, a *Crown* finds you,
[*He shews the Crown unto him.*

Desert shines in the dark, will not be hid
May you with all happines inherit it,
Entitled to it, both by birth and merit.

Omnes. Long live the Emperor *Isachius.*

Bas. *Constantines* greatness founder of this place,
With *Jovians* goodness, *Honorius* his success,
Long life of *Valens*, *Manuels* quiet death,
Justinians Fame and every good beside,
Singed on them, joyntly betide to you.

Isa. We thank you for your good desires for us.

Bas. How heavy is this *Crown*!

Beautiful burden, it adorns and loads,
And with the *Crown* a cross is joyn'd together,
Greatness and care are twins:

[*He kisses the crosse.*

Isa. This cross I kiss and welcome, not that now
I first accost it, strange to me before,
We were familiar alwaies from our cradle,
This is my spear, my lance, my sword, my shield,

Bas. This Scepter is to you from the Heavens.

Onely

Onely it is our duty to deliver it,

[*He puts it into his hands.*]

In you his image perfectly doth shine,
He sees our hands upheld, and humble hearts,

[*They all bow to Isachius.*]

With these our bared heads and bended knees.
This and much more from us to him is due,
And him we pay in paying it to you.

Omnes. Long live the Emperour *Isachius*!

Bas. Not to instruct you what you do not know,
But only minde you, what you might forget:
Hear a few words.

Isa. Speak on *Basilus*,

Whilst native heat and moysture Radical,
Observe their limits all the body thrives.
Both suffer, if but one exceed his bounds,
And all the body either burns or drowns.
So tis betwixt your power, our property:
They mutually receive and return strength,
One to another, whilst they both agree,
But if they juttle once, and strive for conquest,
Even that which gaineth most, doth lose at last;
Not able to subsist when all's destroyed.

And if that *Princes* should betray their trust,
And iustifie the wrong, and wrong the just,
We bow and bear, and sigh, and sob, and suffer,
Armed with prayers and Tears,
But sure our sad complaints will mount up thi-
ther,

Where Kings are only called to account,

And

And in that Court which is above the skies,
Subjects appeal, and Sovereigns censure I yes

Isa. I cannot steal men's souls thorow their eares,
Charm sturdy hearts with circles of choice
words,

Like to the sweet tongue of *Andronicus*,
All which he promised well strive to perform
We're pleas'd to binde our selves unto our
Laws,

And count it freedom to be so confin'd:

Oms. Long live the Emperour *Isachinus*?

Cle. That shout did wake the Echo from his
Cave,

Tickled with joy, the earth did seem to shake.

Bas. "Thus Treason for a time may strangely
" thrive,

" Quickly grow great, but never long survive.

Whilst fools mistake Heavens frowns for smiles,
and think,

That Nemesis is dead, which doth but sleep

Till right at last revives out of his twoon

Right which some storms may tost, but cannot
drown,

A Chorus consisting of two parts Grecian and Per-
sian, one Gown-men, the other Sword-men.

Gr. Ch. **VV**E marvel at your private sad-
nesse.

Exception from the publick gladnesse.

*Why do you sigh, whilst we do sing,
 Whilst we ring bells, you hands do wring;
 Whilst joy all others cheeks doth crown,
 Your face is clouded with a frown.*

*Per. Ch. Alas, our case is most forlorn,
 Work we cannot, beg we scorn;
 Steal we will not, and do wonder
 Setled Laws allow no plunder;
 We have not whereunto to trust,
 Our hungry swords must eat the rust.*

*Gr. Ch. There's a time for every trade,
 Merchants first good bargains made;
 Next the Lawyer did succeed,
 On clients leane, they fat did feed;
 Silence since in doleful dumps,
 And the souldier turn'd up trumps.*

*Per. Ch. Turn'd up trumps, Alas in vain,
 To be soon turn'd down again.
 Had we been wise, this War to spin,
 To spread it broad, and lay it thin;
 When seven Winters had been past,
 Well might it more seven Summers last.*

*Gr. Ch. Of our state you had the Creame,
 And have drain'd our wealthy streame;
 Our Coyn, our Plate, our Richest stuff,
 Were all devoured by your buff.
 And whilst you souldiers were in prime,
 Full well you did improve your time.*

*Per. Ch. We could not drain your wealth profound,
 Whose streams so great.*

ANDRONICUS.

For it you hide in vaults so deep,
Where Phœbus never dar'd to peep.
O that we might so blessed be,
Your wealth invisible to see.

Gr. Ch. Our treasure doth not hidden lye,
Under the earth, but o're the sky.

Per. Ch. See you this sword, tis all our lands,
Our states are fallen into our hands.
The boundaries whereof you may,
Eas'ly in one view survey:
From Hilt to point the length doth reach.
From edge to back the breadth doth stretch,
You see our Lands, and this we view
Is both our ship, and shop, and plow.

Gr. Ch. We should be loath that plow should throw
The Gracian Empire make a furrow.

Per. Ch. Into forraign Lands wee'l go,
And teach their natives War to sow,
War which may be sown full cheap.
Tho it will prove dear to reap,
It matters not so we have work;
Be's gainst Christian, Jew, or Turk.
Though we travell ner'e so far,
Farewell peace, and welcome War.

Gr. Ch. Go pray transport your martiall arts,
And ship them unto forreign parts,
Practise them on any other.
So you spare this Land our Mother,
Here alone let discord cease:
Farewell War, and welcome Peace.

FINIS